

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

NOW ONLY 12c

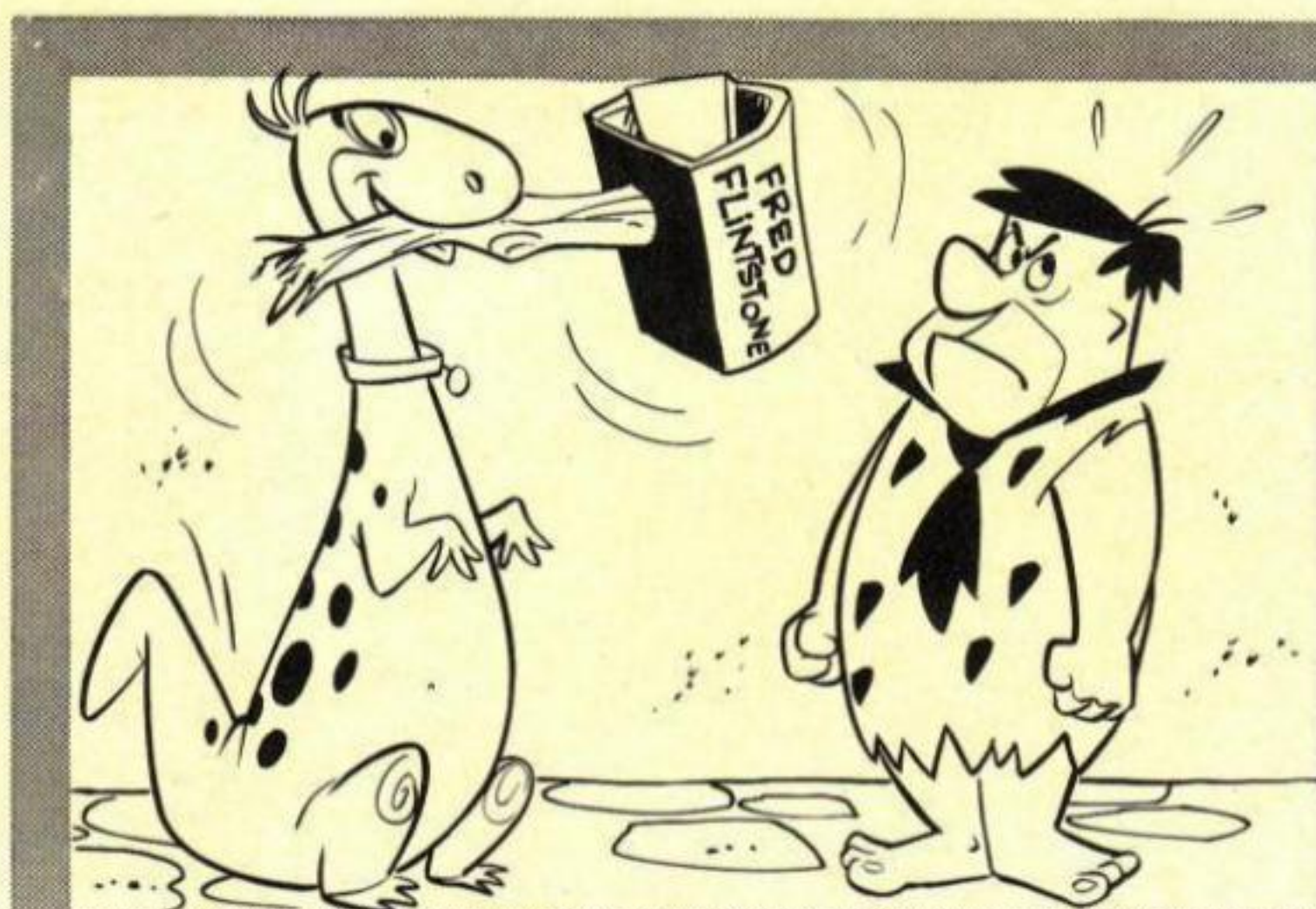
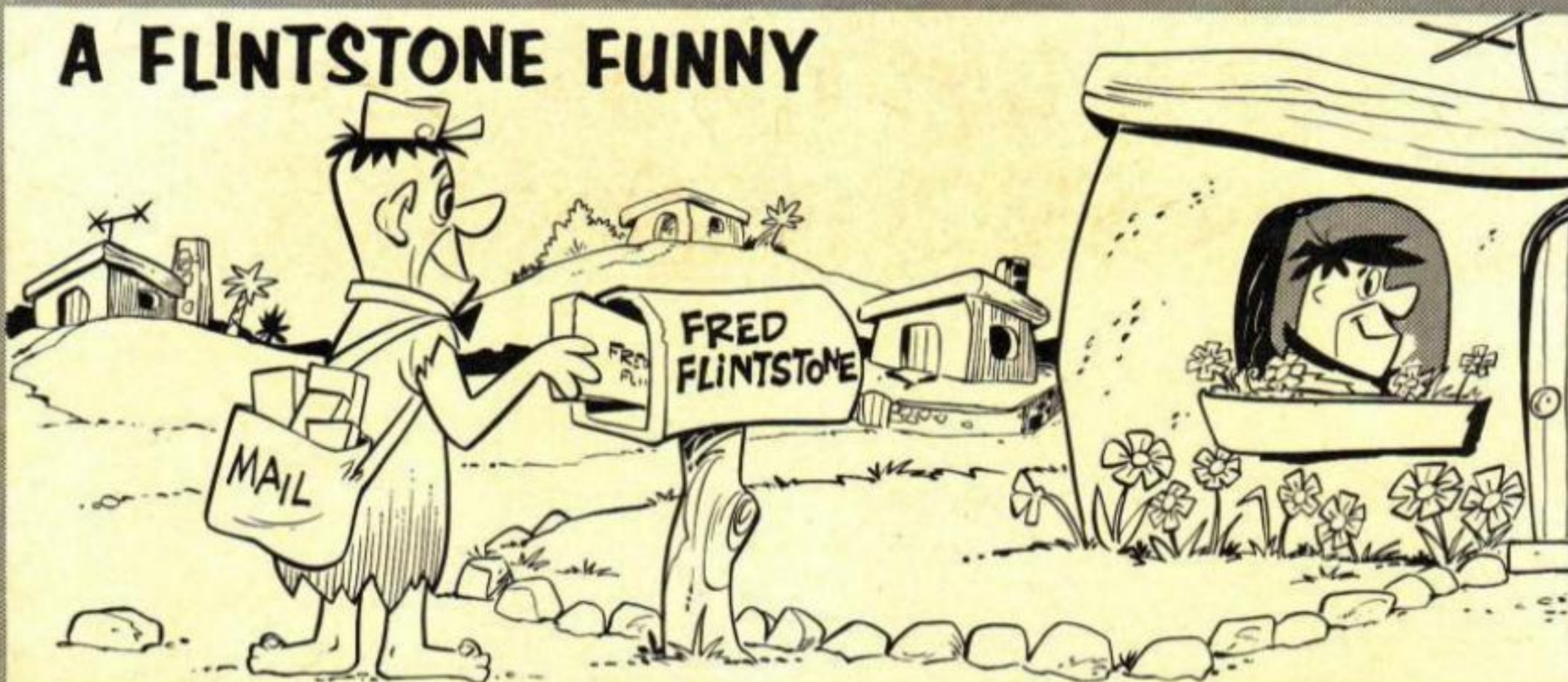
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THE FLINT- STONES



by HANNA-BARBERA

A FLINTSTONE FUNNY



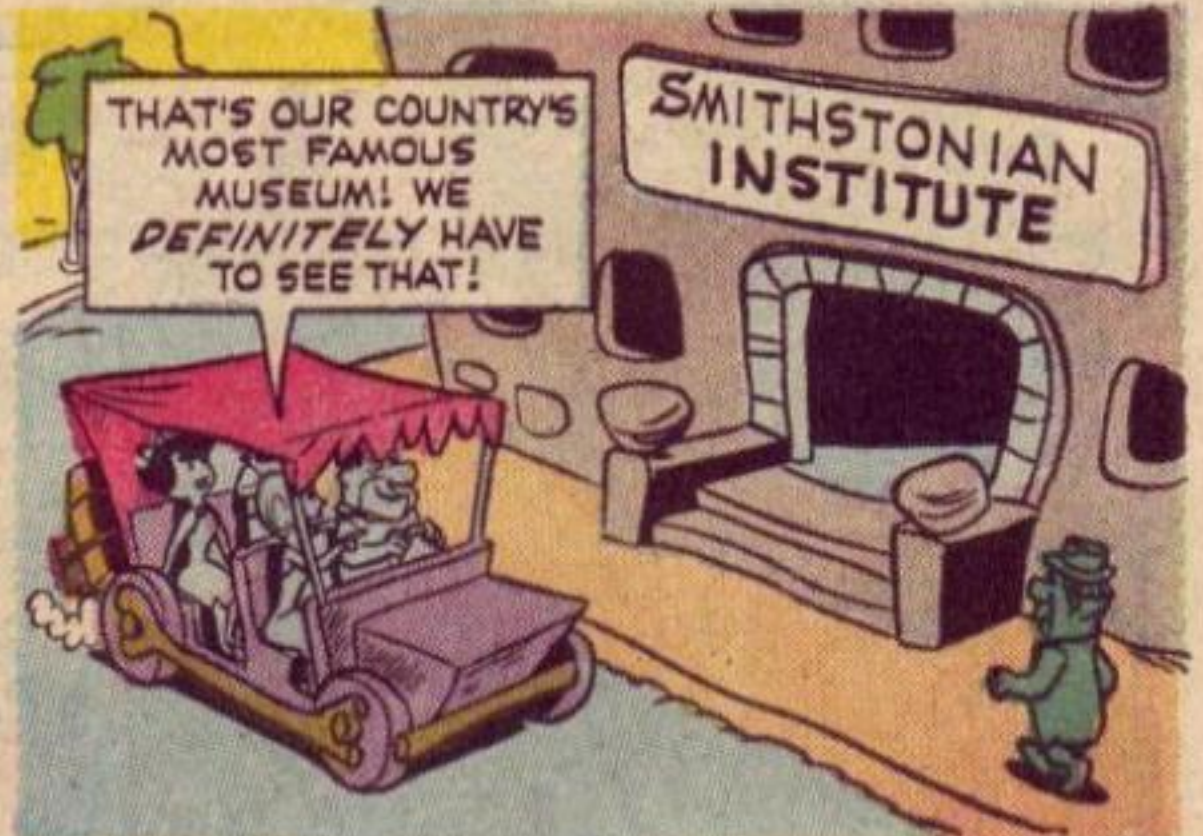
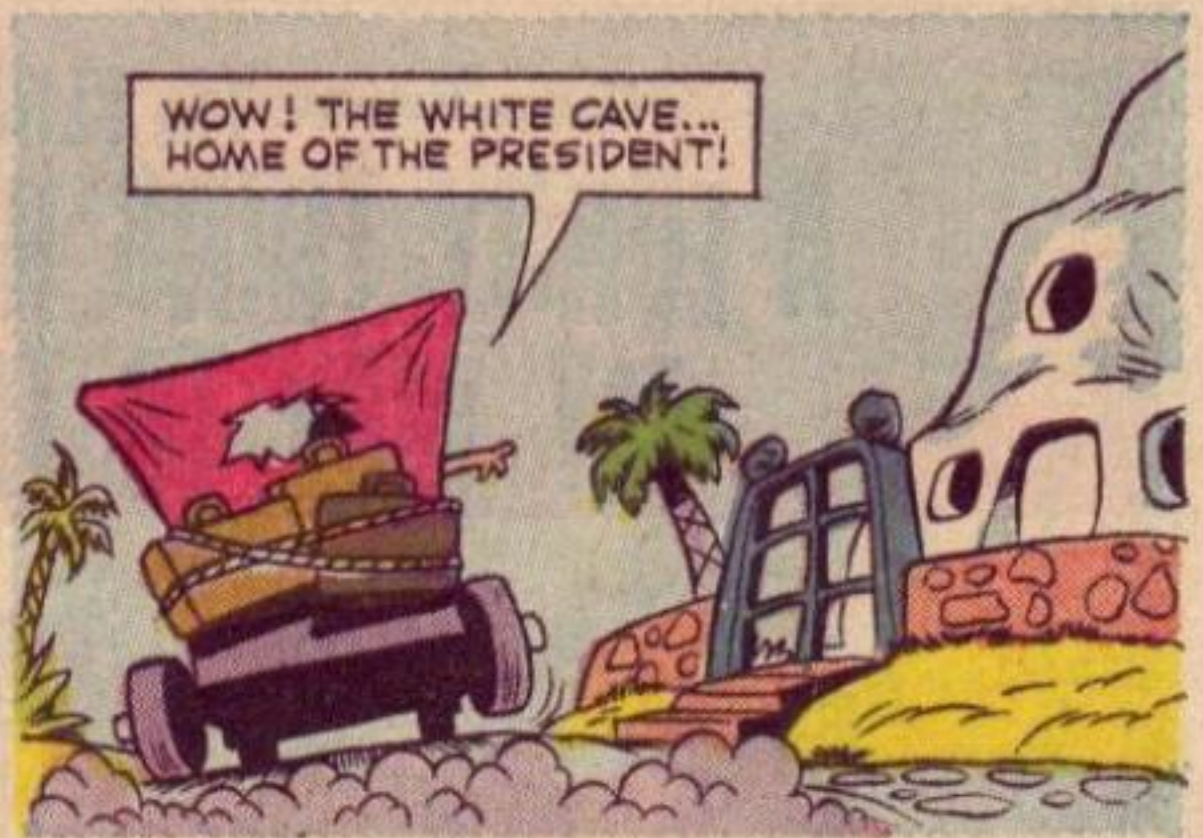
Hanna-Barbera The FLINTSTONES
**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON
 MY WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE**

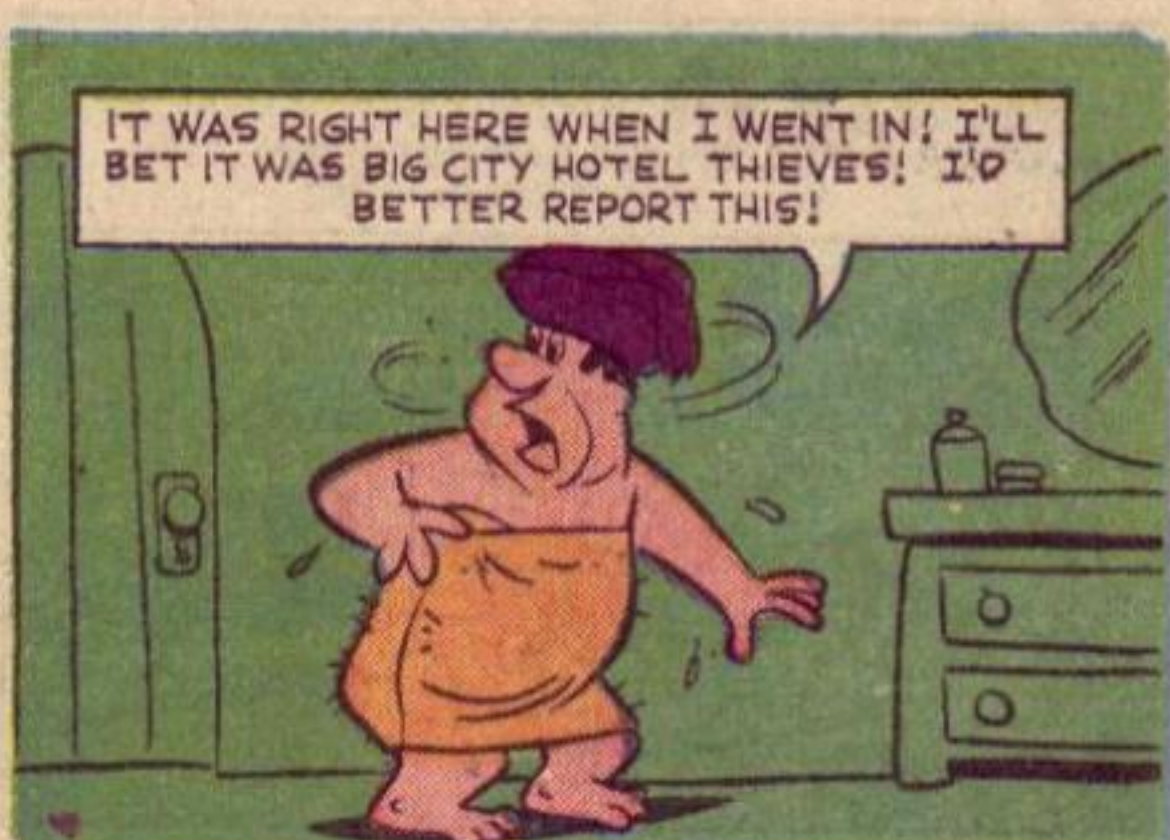


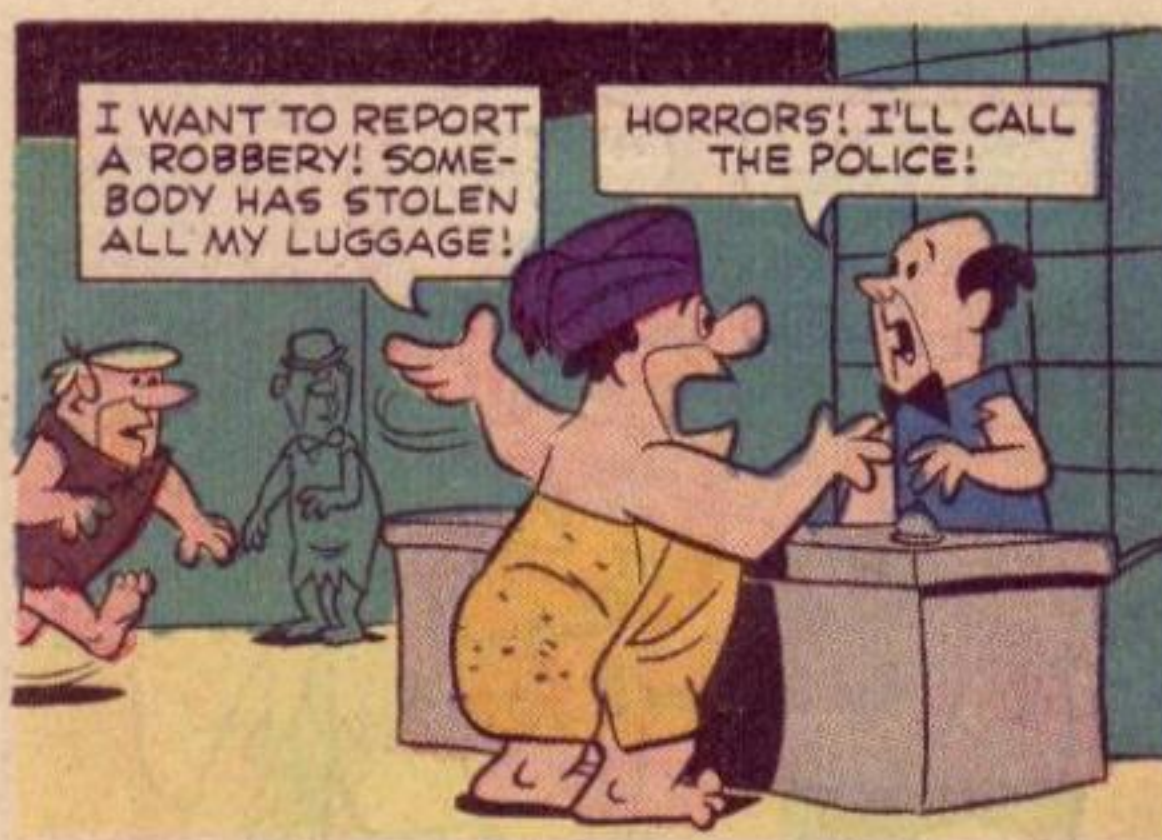
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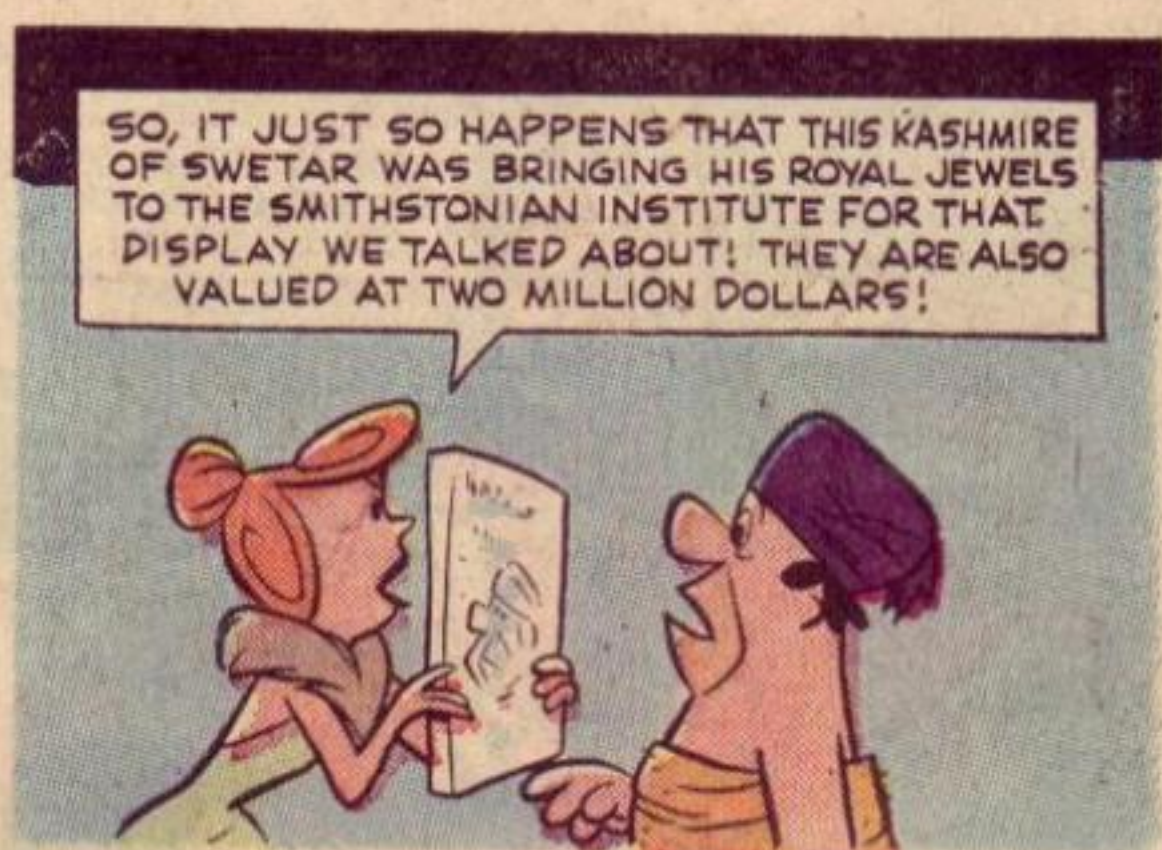
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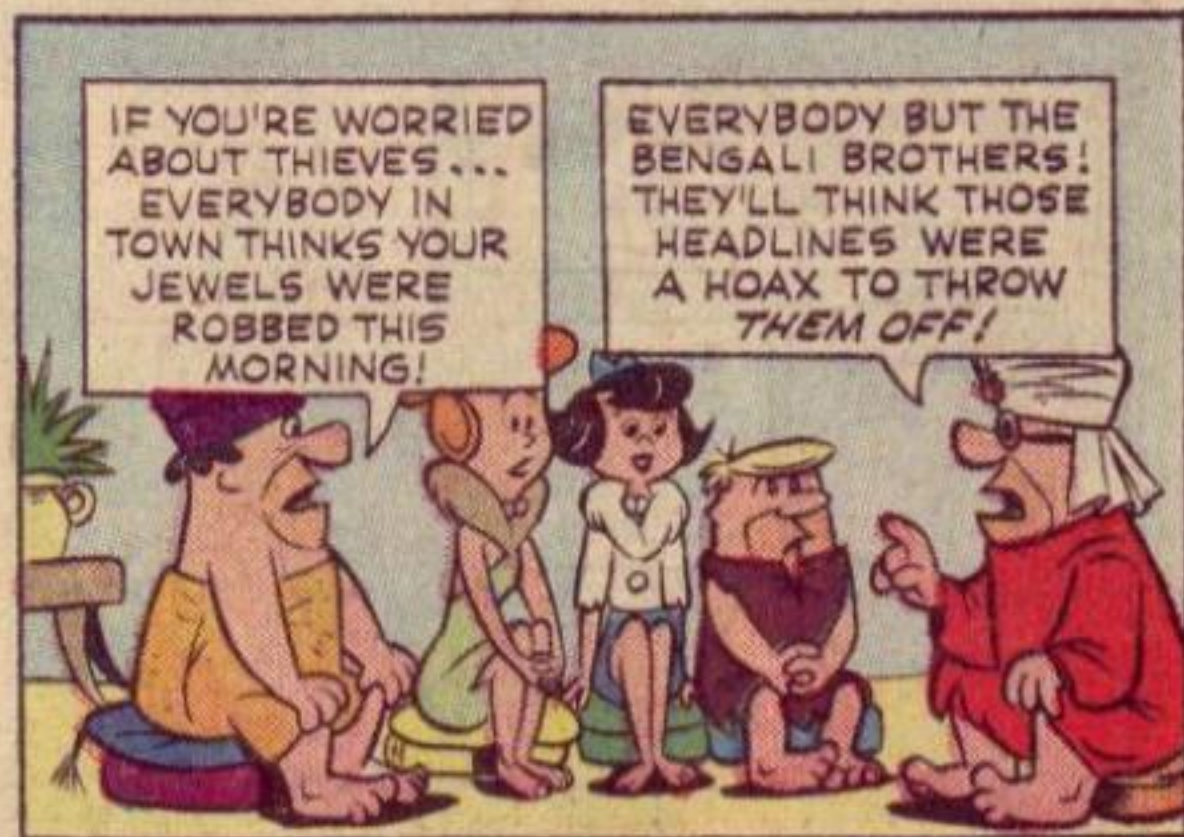


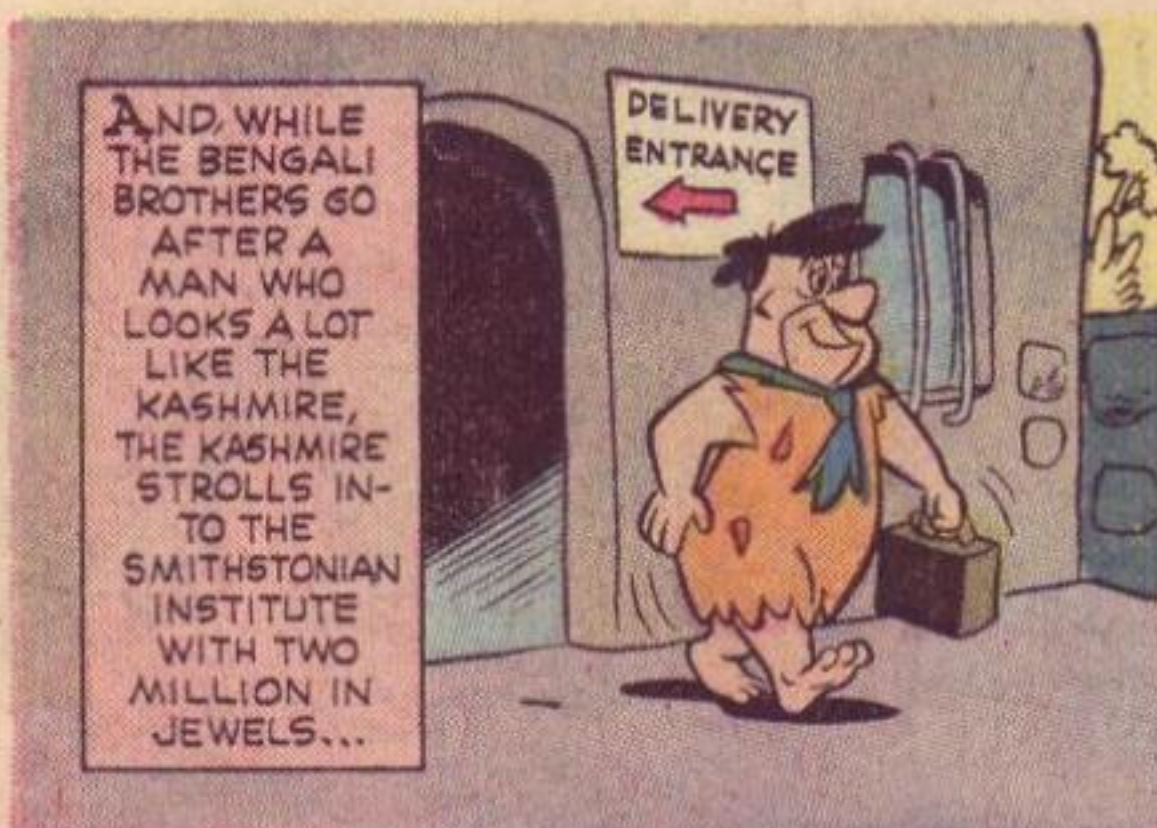
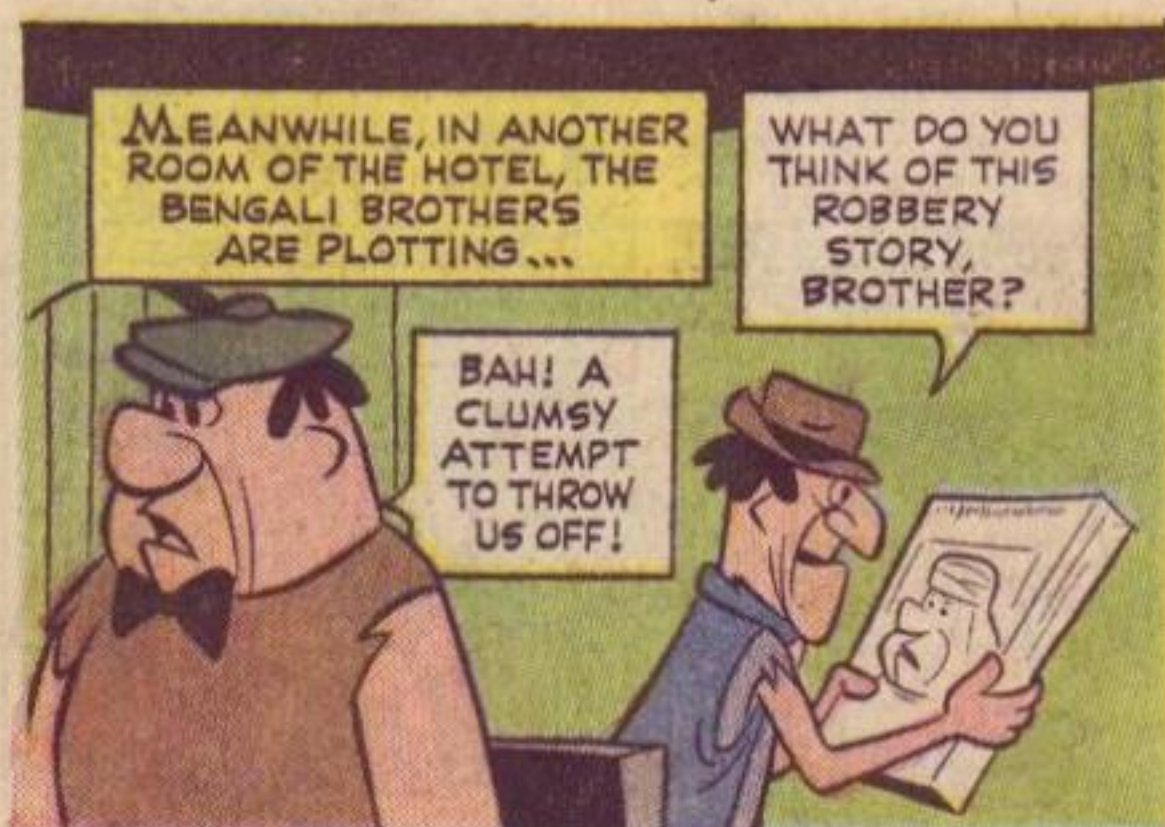
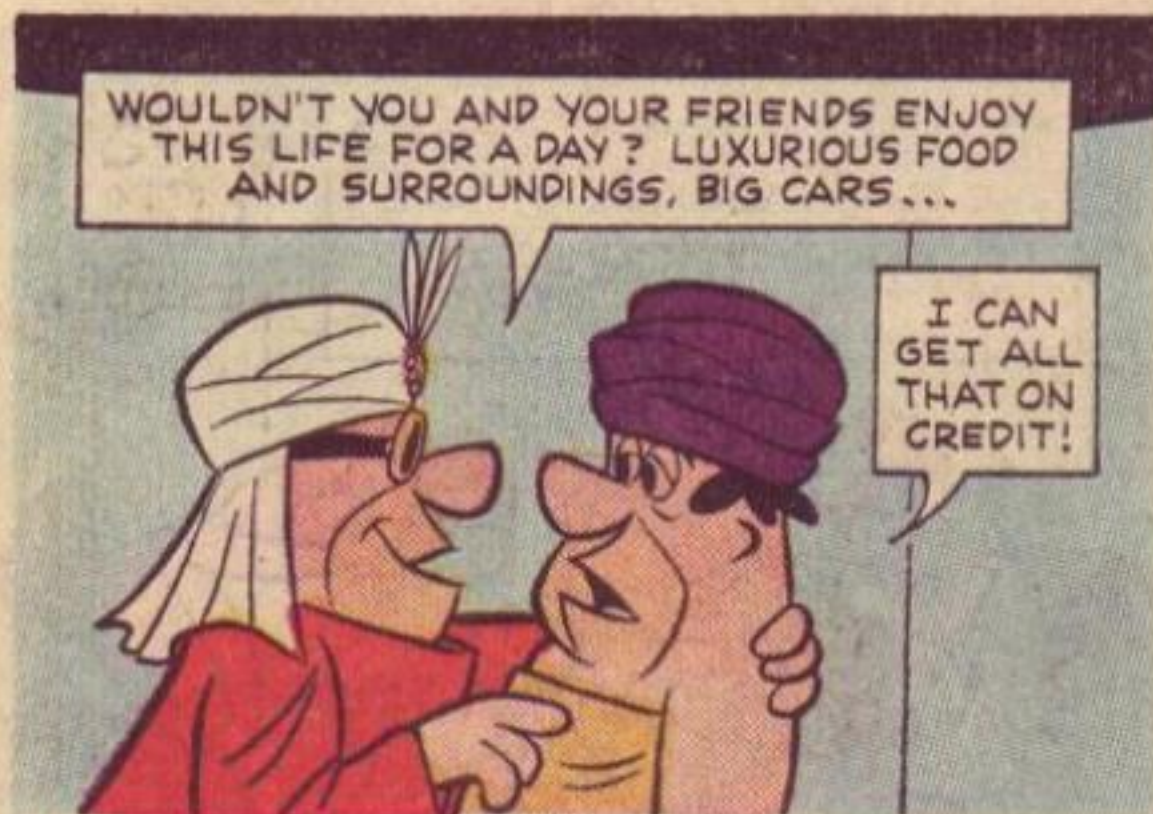


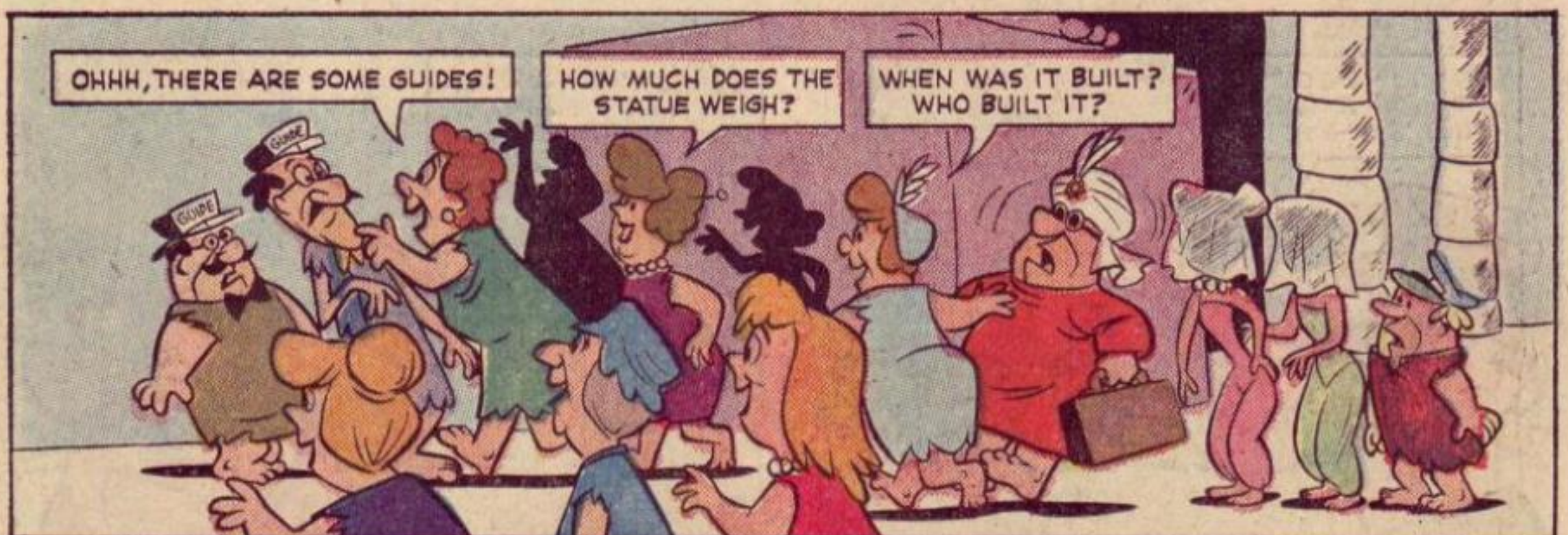
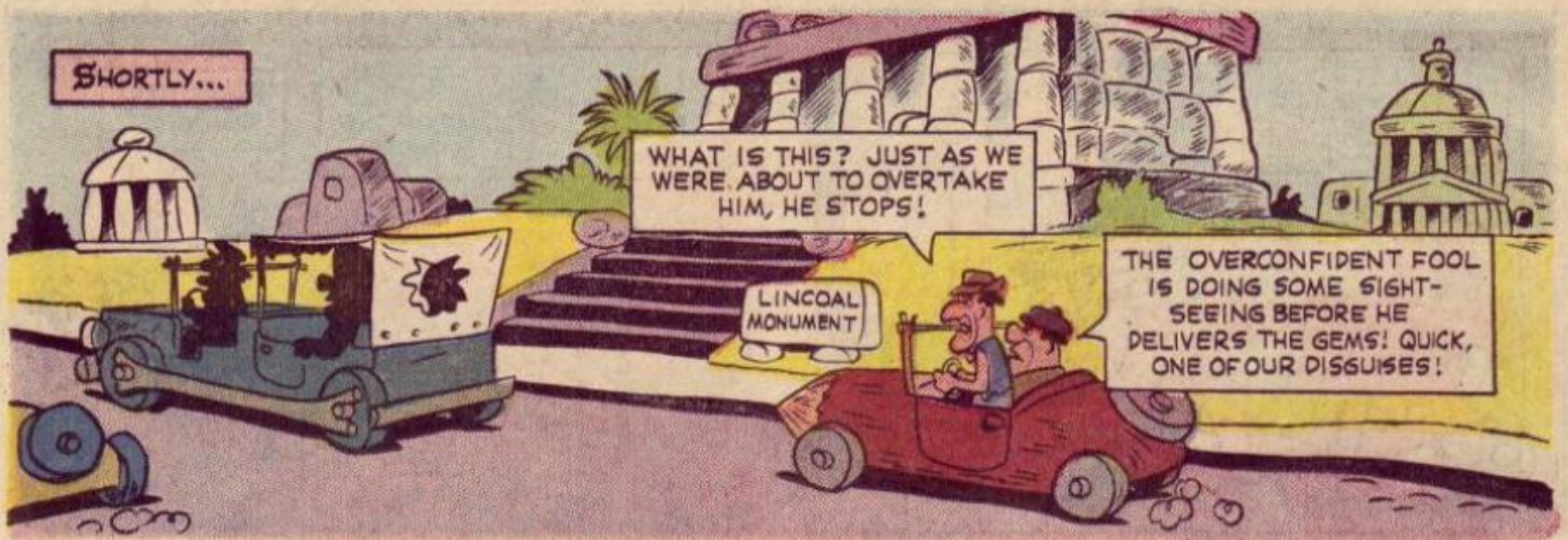




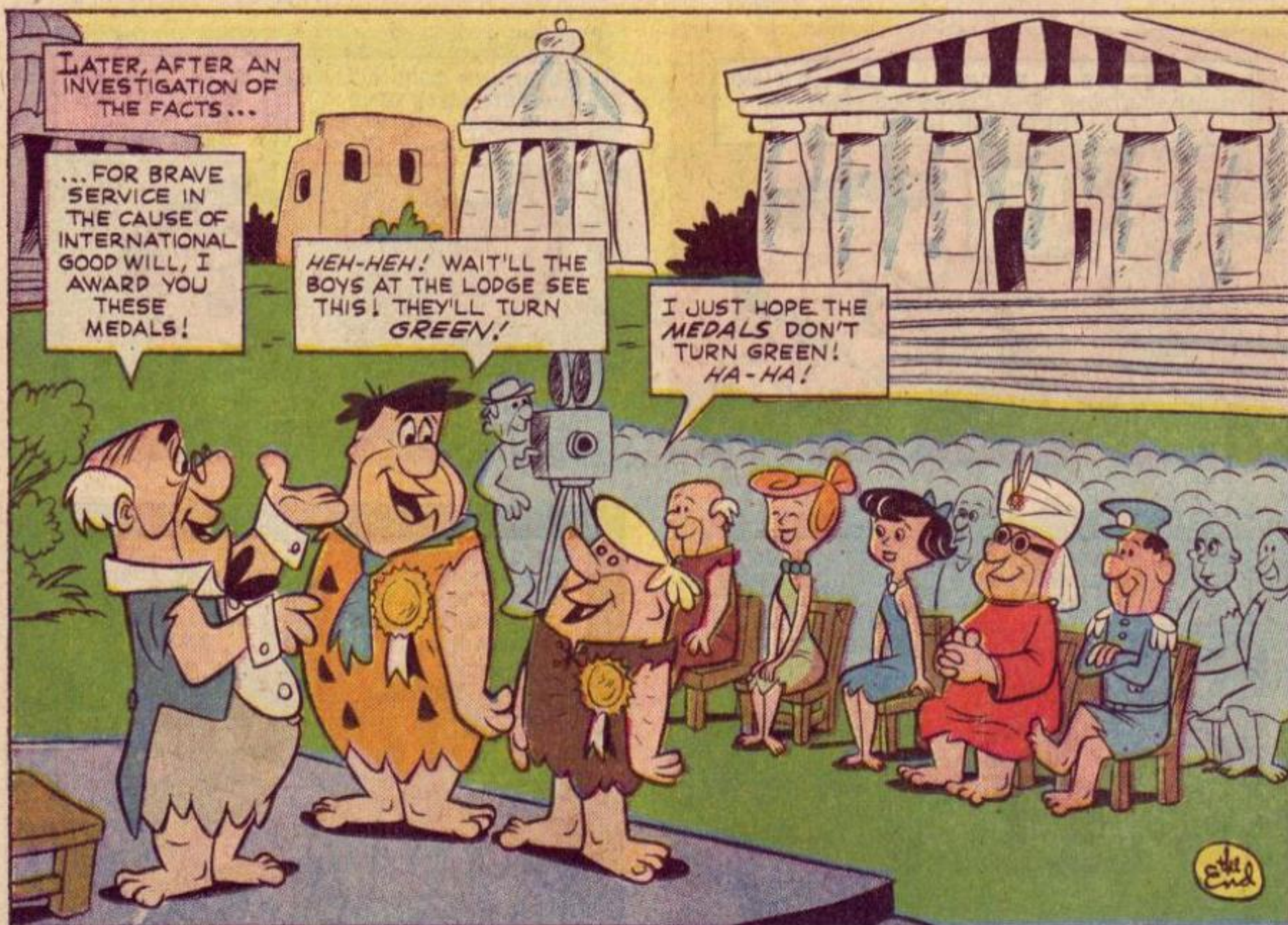
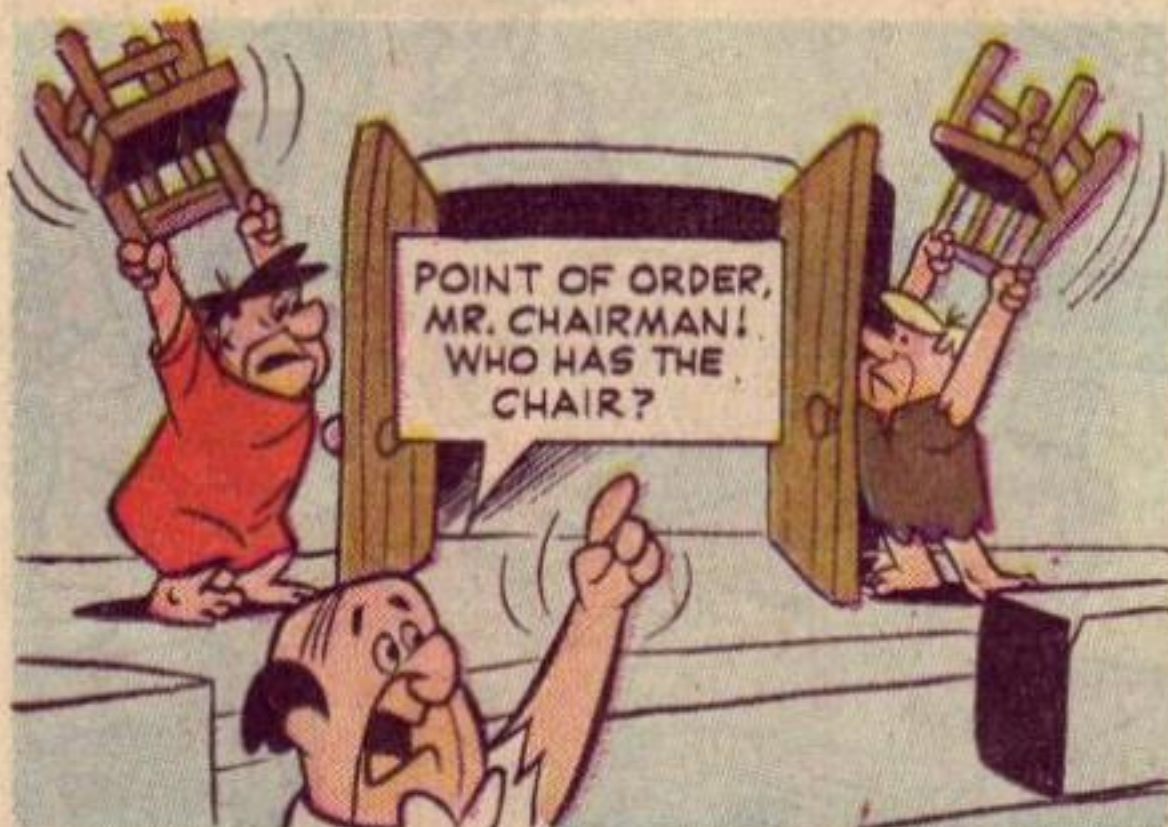






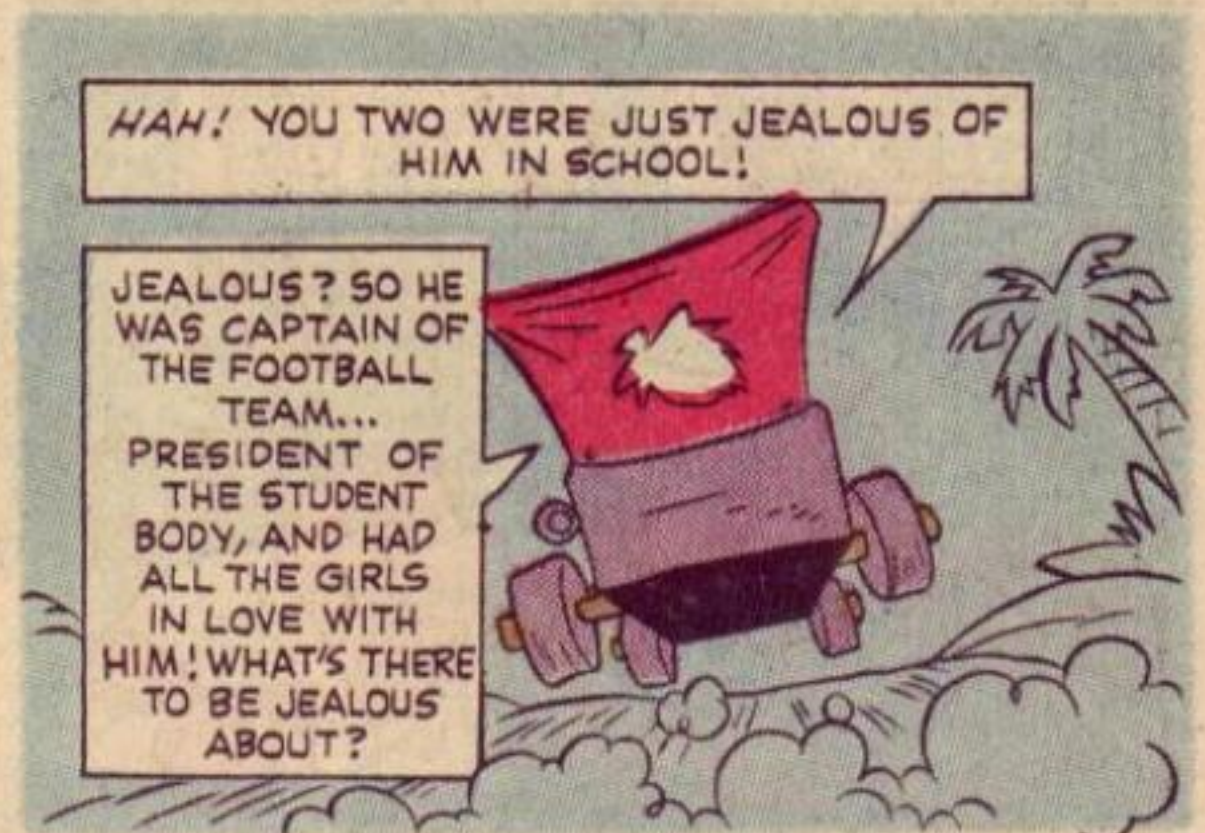
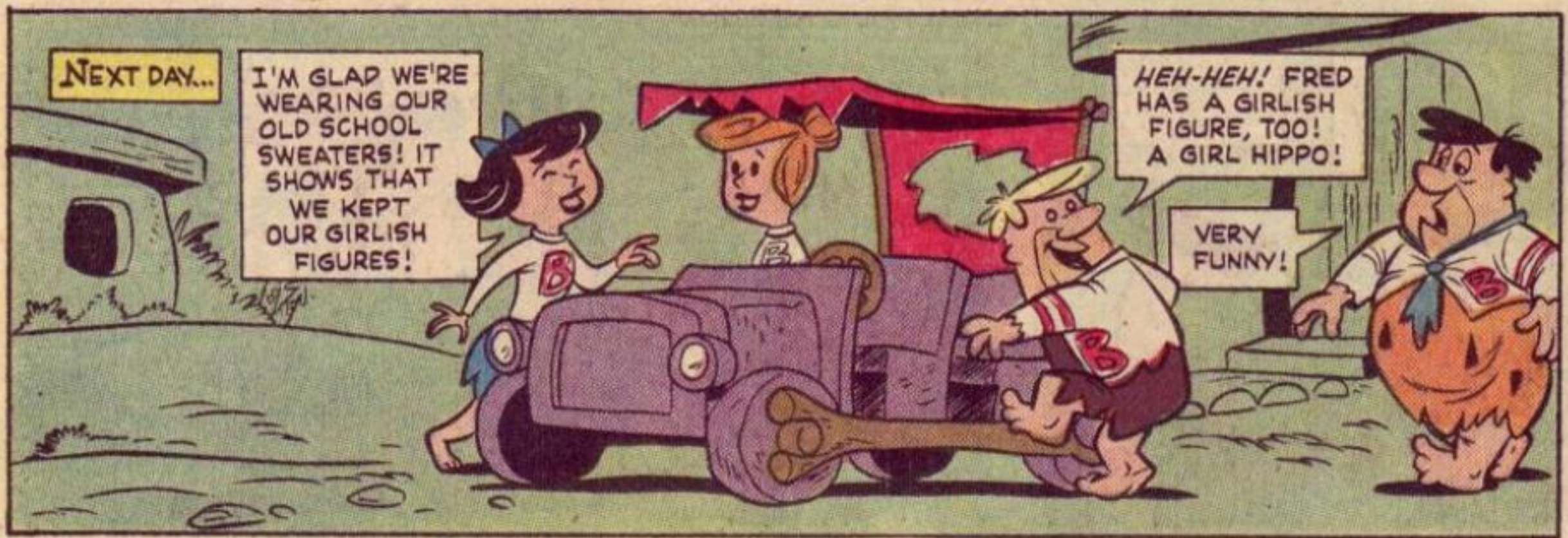




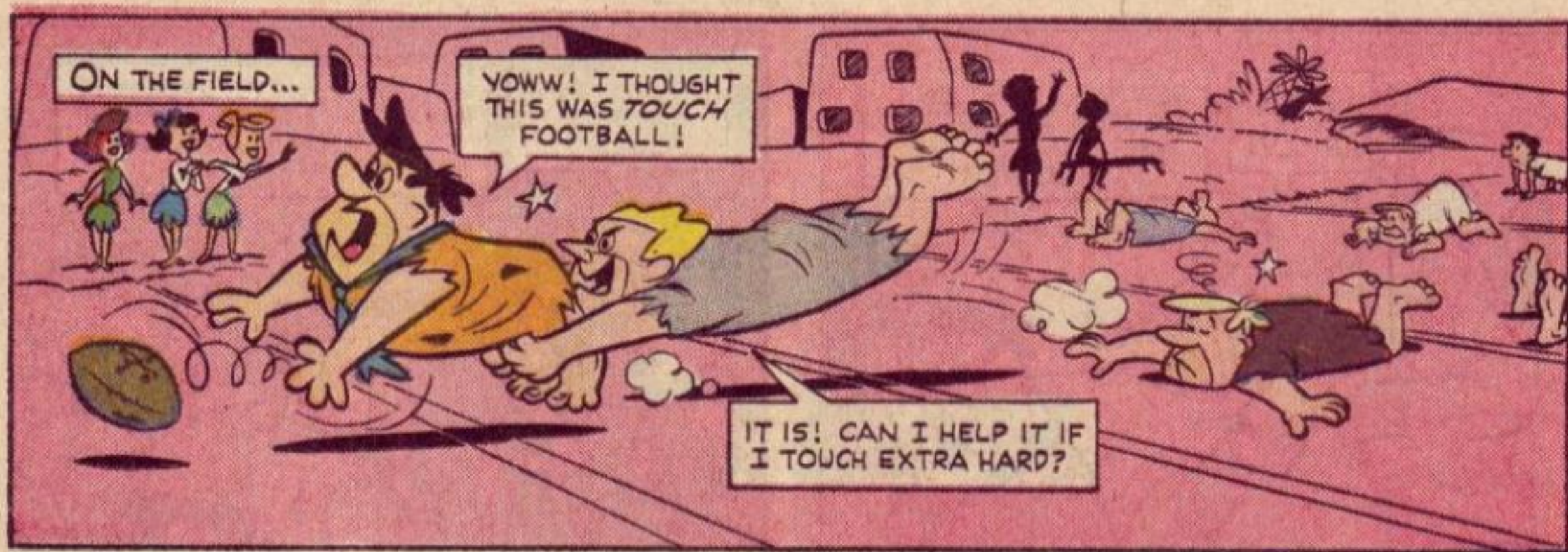


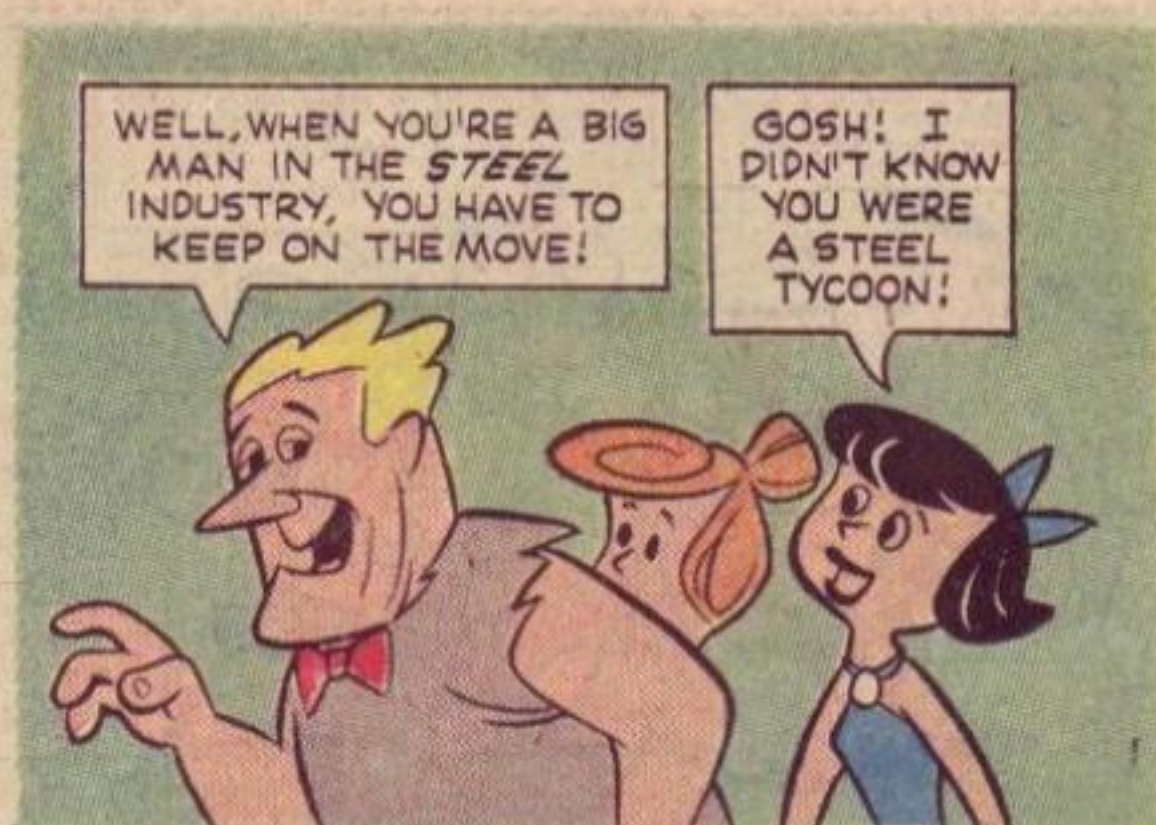
Hanna-Barbera the FLINTSTONES
SAME OLD FACES, BUT OLDER

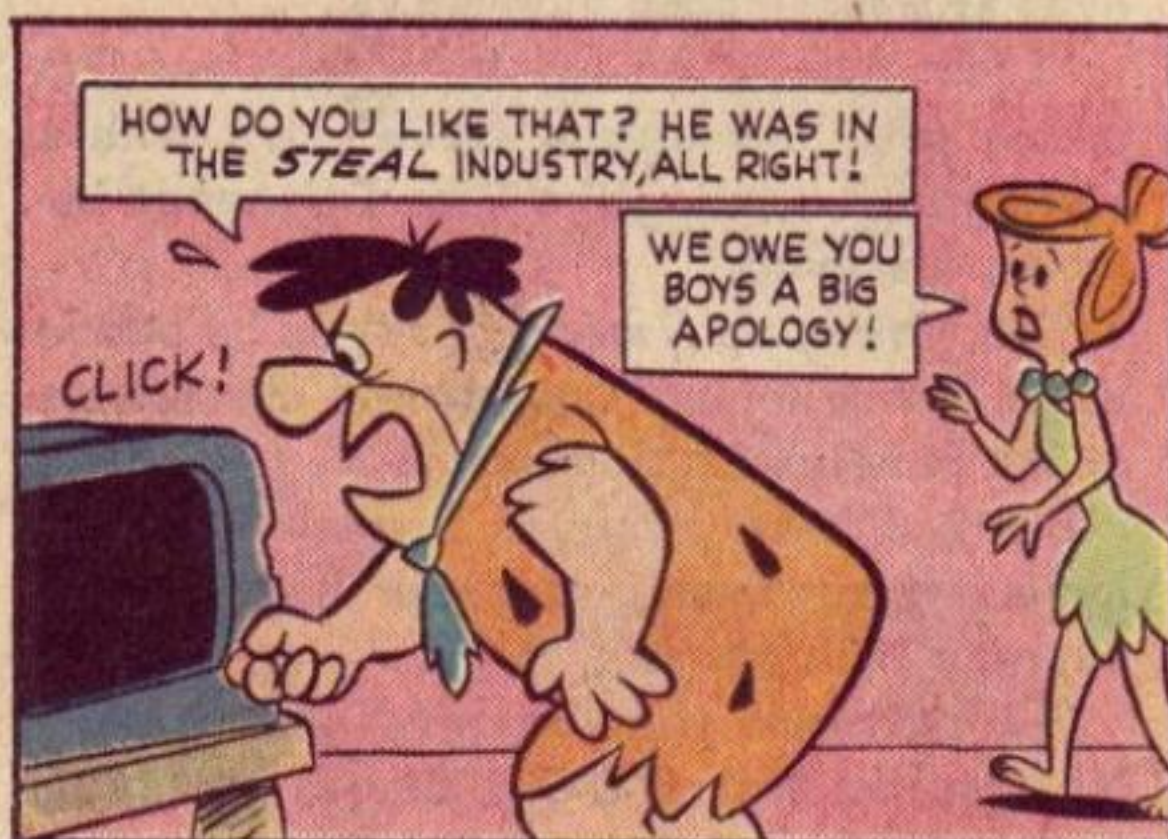
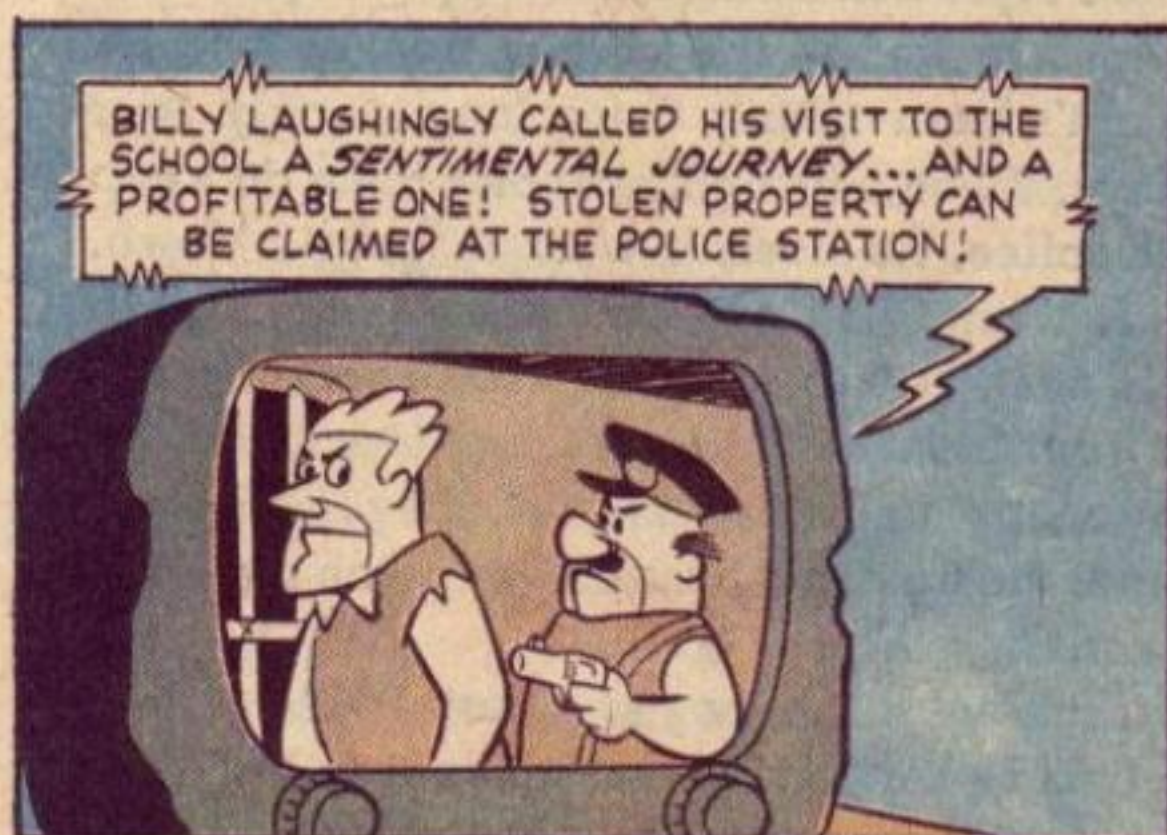


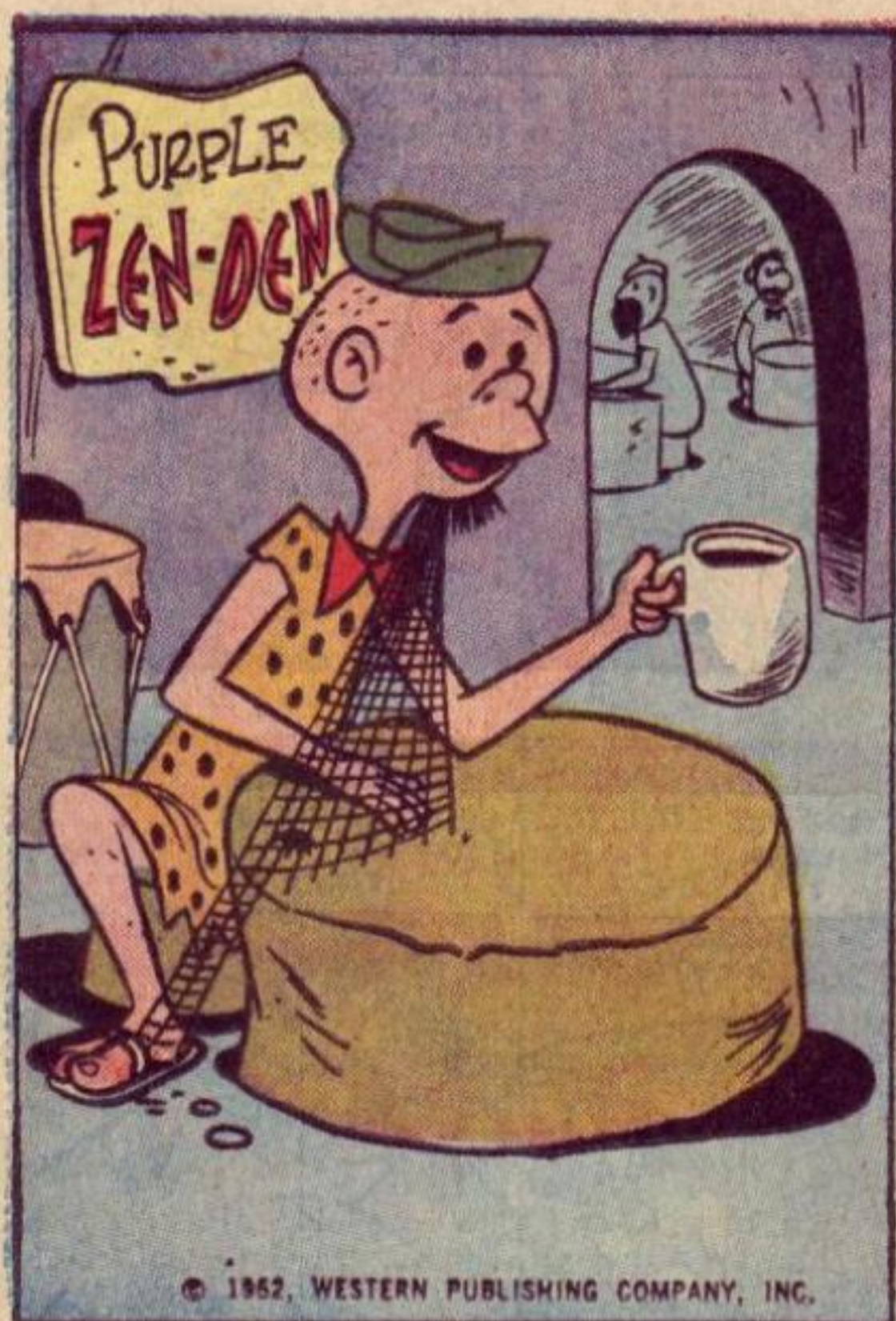












FORCED LABOR

first time he'd ever seen him with both eyes open. He made a mental note to tell him he had nice eyes at some less hectic moment.

"Lay the word upon me, small pal! I can take it," Rodney said.

Twitchy hesitated for a moment, wondering how to say the words. Finally, he decided to use his mouth. "Big Bad Yawn is in town!!"

Hearing these terrible words, everybody in the Purple Zen Den stood up as if one man... which was only natural, since Rodney was the one man there. The others were all under twenty-one.

Rodney was very agitated as he jumped to his feet; (the spiders weren't very happy either). "Big Bad Yawn is the biggest baddie in Beatsville. He rides around the country on his big, black, terrible terracycle, stopping at each local coffee house and forcing his more benign beat brothers to do his bidding. But he shall not force us to be his servants! In the immortal words of Beatnik Henry, 'Give me liberty or give me money'! We'll stop at nothing to defeat this bully! We'll..."

Rodney's fervent speech was interrupted by a booming voice from the doorway.

"Who's going to stop me?" came the voice from the hulking figure in the shadows.

"Not us," chorused all the beats, as they saw the awesome face of Big Bad Yawn.

Only Rodney's pal, Twitchy, didn't raise his voice. He was too busy polishing Big Bad Yawn's black leather boots.

"You can always count on Twitchy," thought Rodney, "...to desert you." He made a mental note to black one of Twitchy's nice eyes at a less hectic moment.

"I just rode in on my terracycle, and I'm taking over this dump," said Yawn with a wide grin, revealing the Grand Canyons between his teeth.

"No, you're not," said Rodney as he strode up to Yawn, hoping Yawn would mistake his goose pimples for muscles.

Big Bad Yawn grabbed Rodney with one hand, which wasn't easy, as Rodney was slippery with sweat.

"I'll pulverize you," roared Yawn, waving his right fist with O-U-C-H tatooed on it.

Rodney Rocktop sat in his favorite chair at the Purple Zen Den. A half-empty cup of cafe espresso was on the table in front of him. He hadn't been sitting there long... only four days. When a beatnik spends a dime on a cup of coffee, he doesn't want to gulp it down.

It wasn't just economics that kept him in his seat. It was also his kind heart. He did not wish to leave several spiders homeless by snapping the delicate web they had woven from the tip of his beard to his much mangled sandals.

Suddenly, Rodney's oldest friend (nineteen), Twitchy Itchy, came running in. Well, he wasn't actually running, but he was putting one foot in front of the other in a relatively uninterrupted fashion... stopping to rest only after every fourth step. And for Twitchy, who once ran a race with a turtle and a snail and finished third; who takes a nap every night so he won't be tired when he goes to bed; who thinks sweat is a symptom of a tropical disease: *this was running!*

"Rodney, I have, like, important news," panted Twitchy.

Rodney could sense something important must be in the wind. In all the years he had known his scratching friend, this was the

"Please," gasped Rodney. "I don't choose to use my tremendous strength for violence. I do, however, challenge you to a match of, like, strength. If you win, I will be your slave and brew your espresso to the end of your days. But if I win, you will leave the Zen Den and let us play our bongoes in peace."

Big Bad Yawn listened to Rodney challenge him to a contest of strength and accepted a half-hour later. The half-hour was for Bad Yawn to recover from his fit of laughter.

Rodney led Yawn out of the Zen Den and down the street to a small grocery store. All the beats followed anxiously, some seeing the sun for the first time in months.

A large wooden crate stood in front of the grocery store. Rodney pointed to it and challenged Yawn to carry it inside.

"Child's play," snorted Yawn, lifting the heavy crate with one hand, striding into the store with it and striding right out again.

"Now, you little pip-squeak, let's see if you can..."

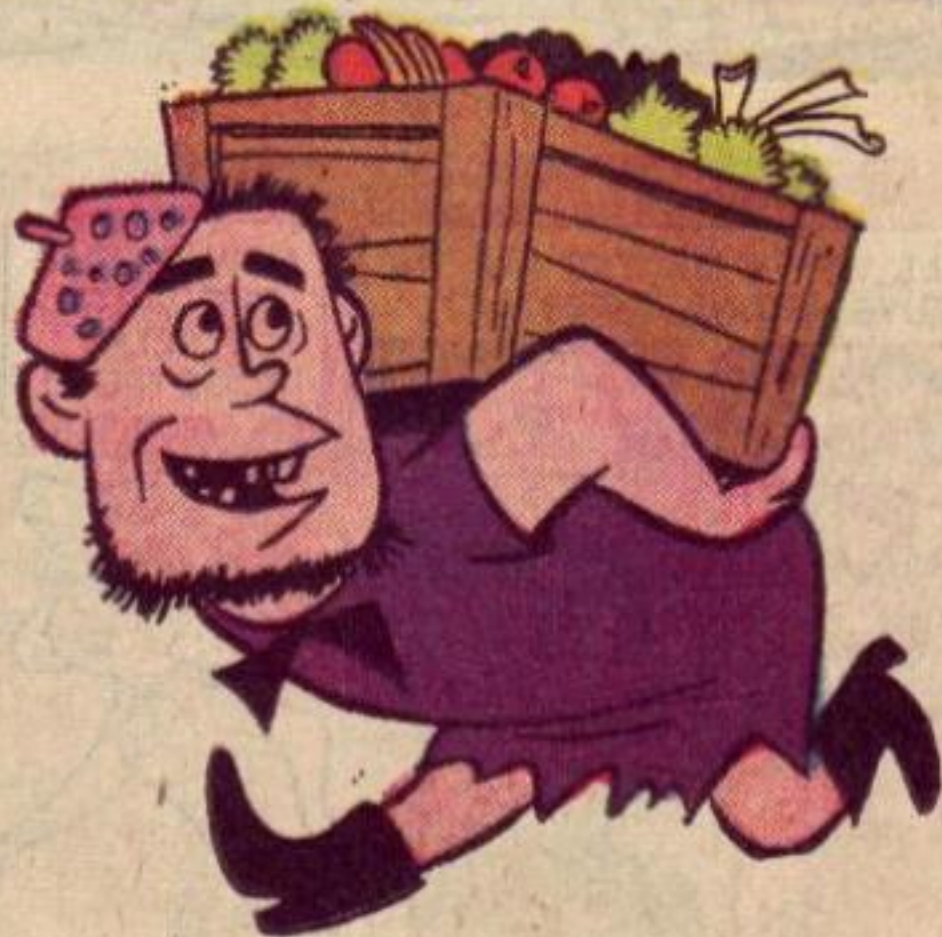
Big Bad Yawn was interrupted as the grocer ran out of his store and rushed up to him.

"Thank you, young man," he said. "Here's a quarter for moving that crate. I've been trying to get one of these local louts to do it for weeks, but they're all too lazy. It's nice to see a young man with ambition."

Big Bad Yawn dropped the quarter like a hot potato. He slowly turned a sickening shade of purplish green. Suddenly, it dawned upon all the assembled beats. (It probably dawned on you, dear readers, several lines ago, but beatniks are notoriously ponderous thinkers).

BIG BAD YAWN HAD WORKED!!!

Now there are many crimes in the code of



the beats: shaving, washing, snapping your fingers out of rhythm... but none is so horrible, so loathsome, so downright ridiculous as working.

The whole crowd broke into laughter as one man; (same joke as earlier).

Big Bad Yawn had worked. No more was he to be feared, as forever after he would be an object of scorn and ridicule.

With laughter ringing in his ears, Yawn trudged off to his terracycle and rode off into the sunset... but not before he rode off into a light post... which almost got as big a laugh as his working had gotten.

No more did he terrorize the other beats. Rumor is that he sold his cycle, shaved off his beard, and took a job as a soda jerk in Hog Fat, Minnesota.

So, with the threat of Big Bad Yawn removed, things settle back to normal... or should I say abnormal, at the Zen Den.

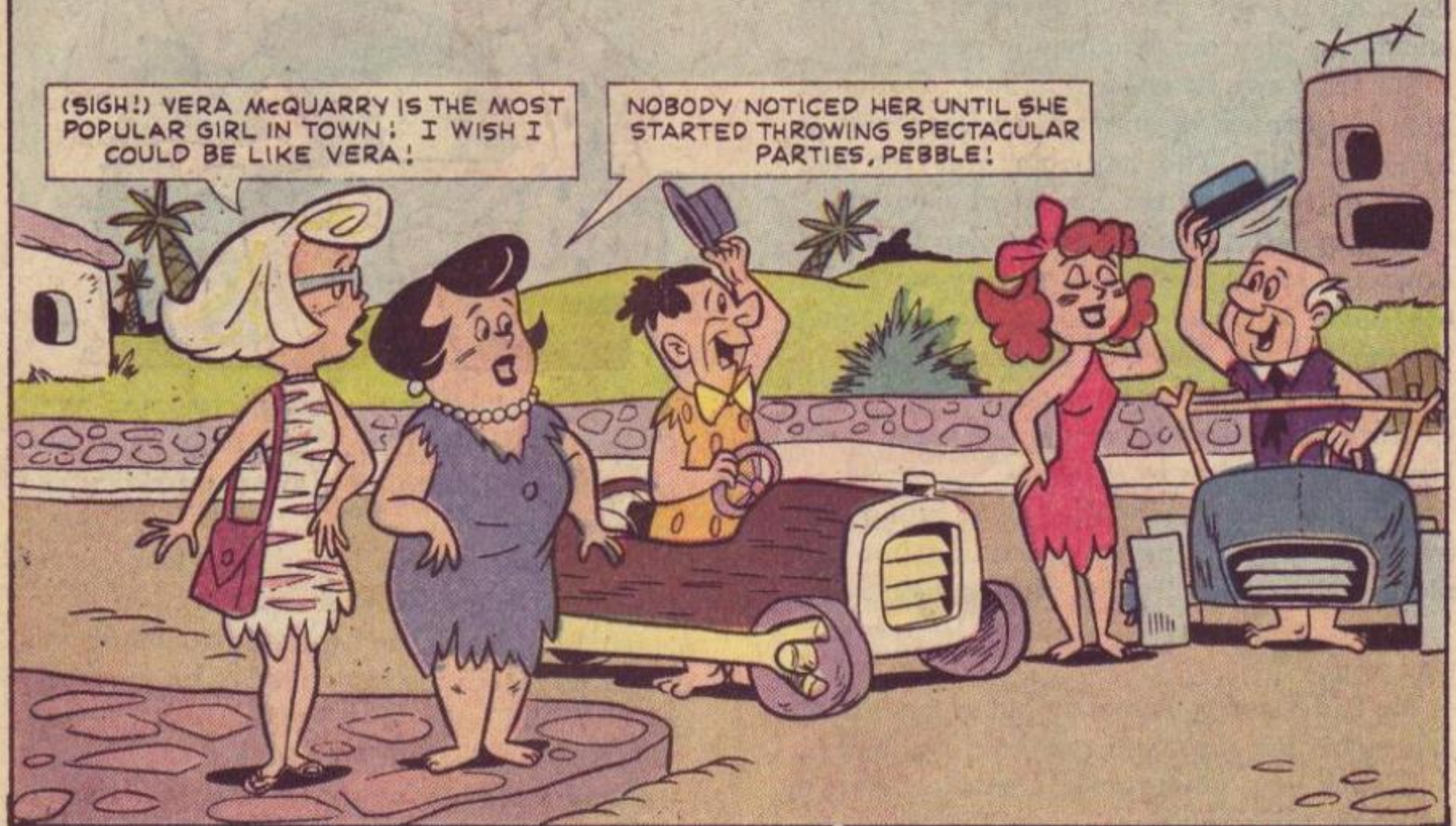
Beatnik Benny, the owner, is busily changing the prices on the menu for the weekend tourist crowd.

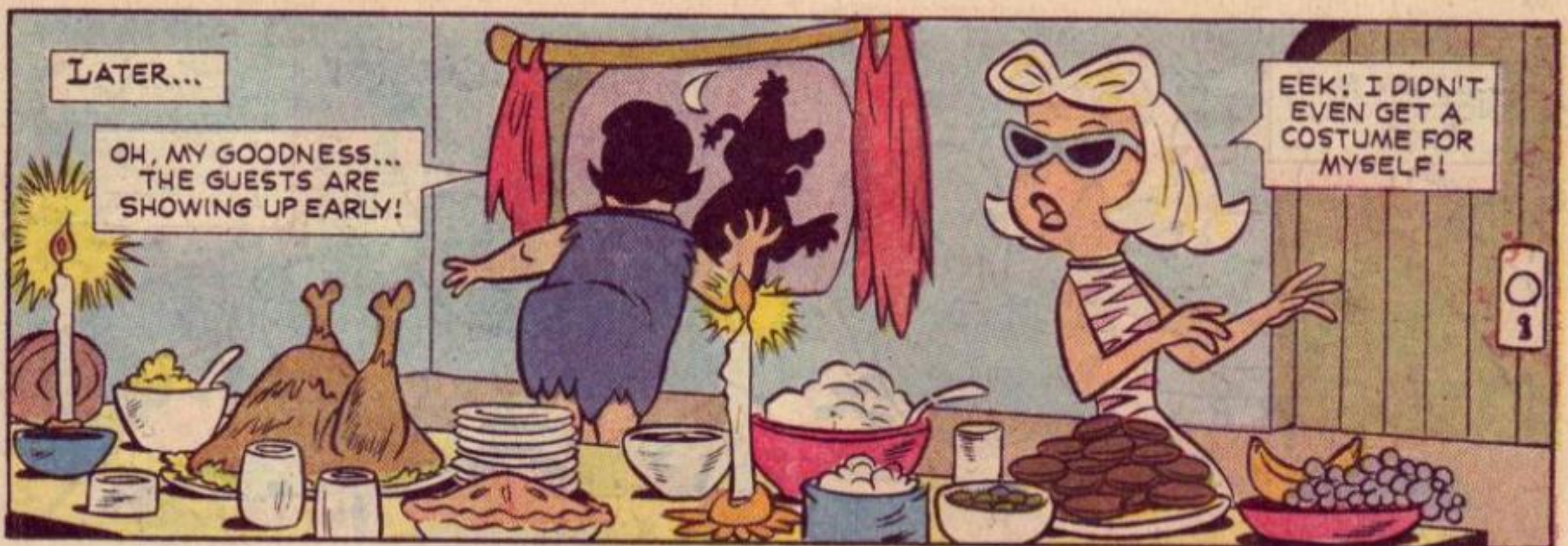
Freddie, the waitress, is cutting the espresso with instant coffee. Nothing has... Oh, wait a minute! One thing has changed.

Twitchy Itchy, who has always been a devout vegetarian, took his life savings (ninety-five cents) and bought a beefsteak. Of course, it's not to eat. It's for one of his nice eyes that is now nice and black.

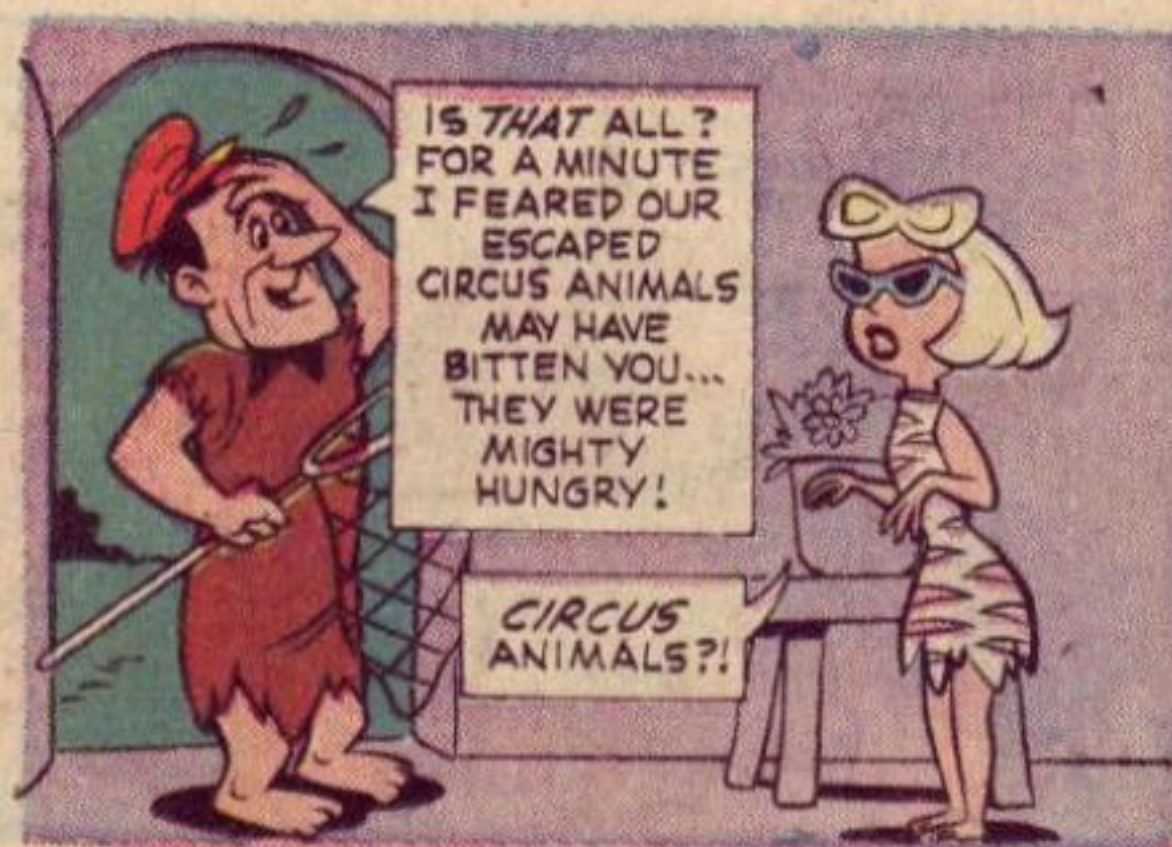
And Rodney... courageous, resourceful Rodney? He's back in his same chair, drinking his same cup of coffee. And, as he sits there among the cobwebs, he's happy. The owner is happy; the other beatniks are happy; but most of all, the spiders are happy.

Hanna-Barbera
PEBBLE BLEACH THE BIG PARTY



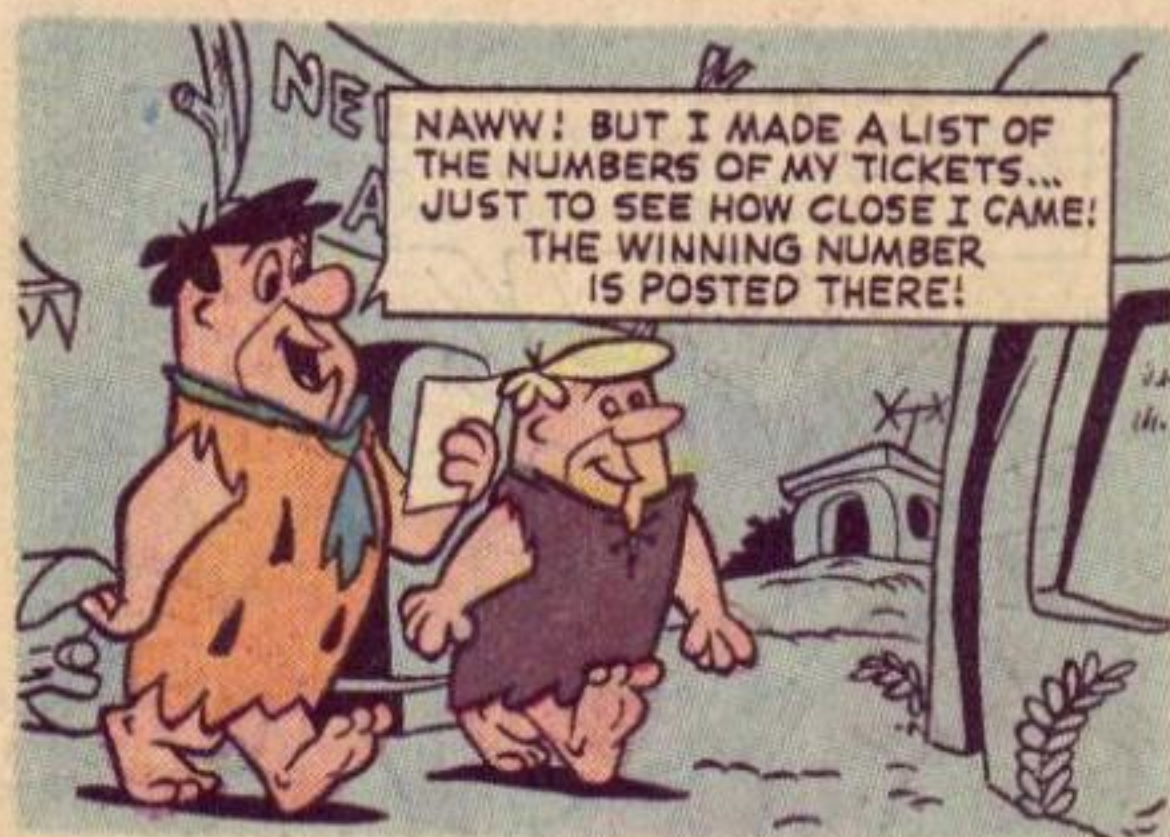


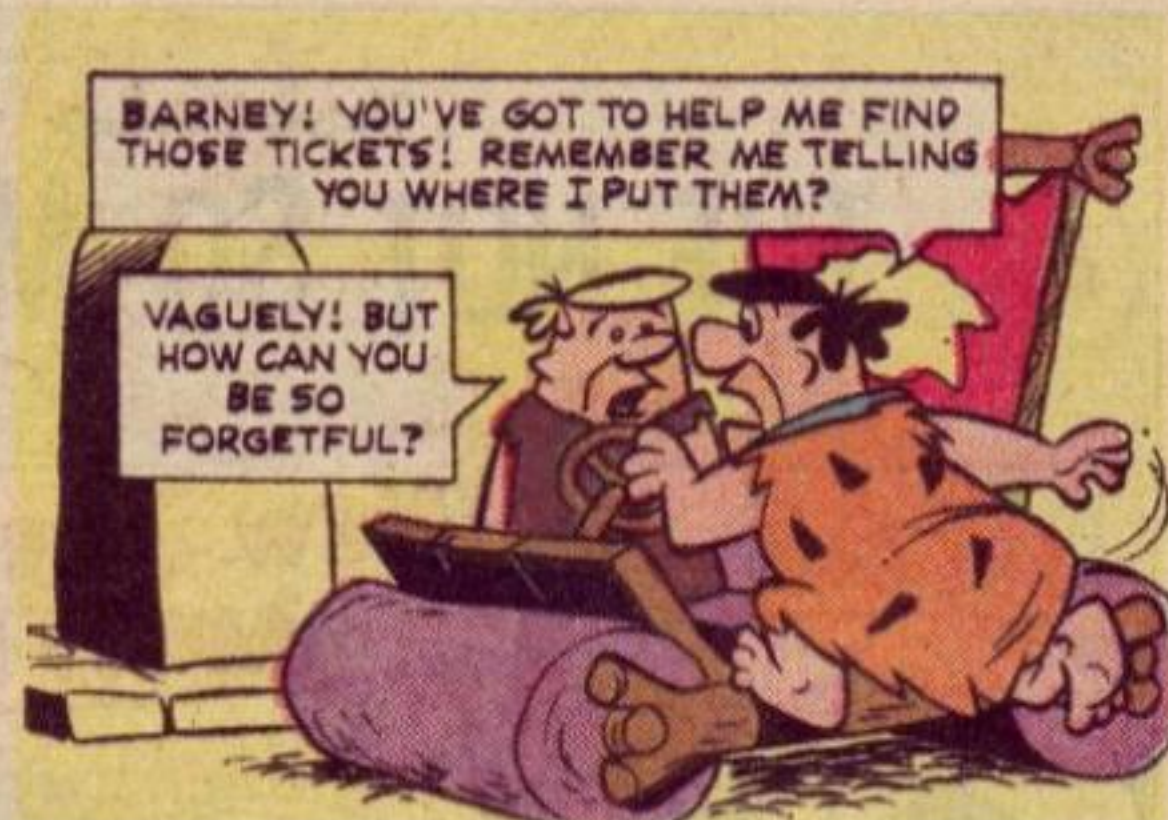
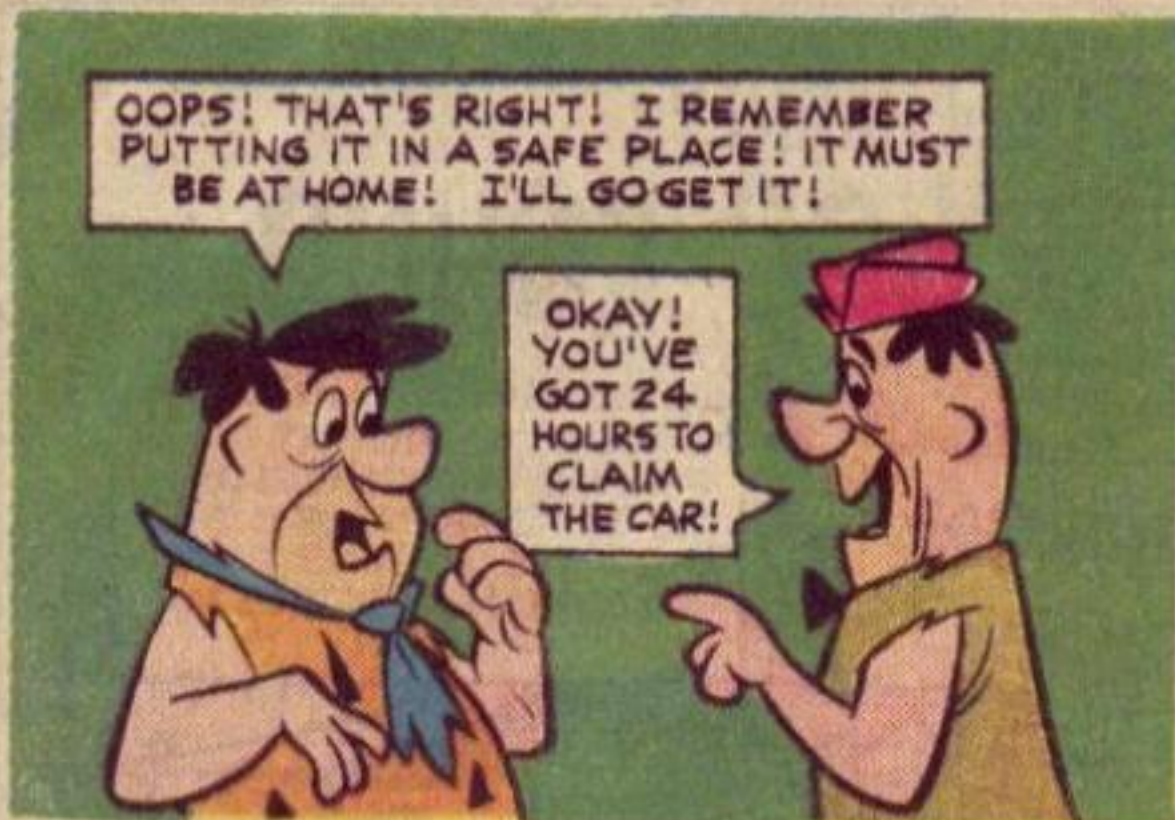


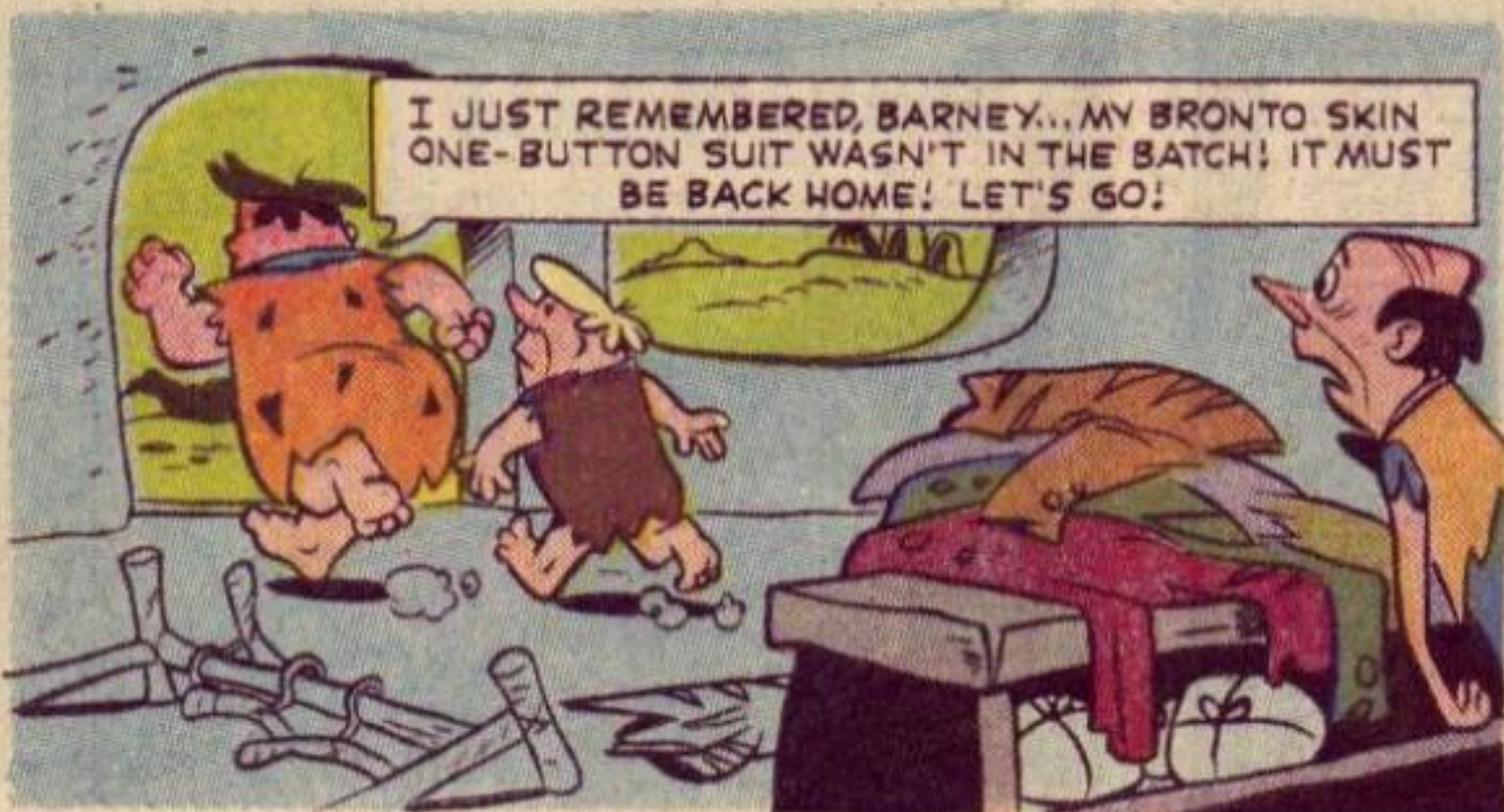




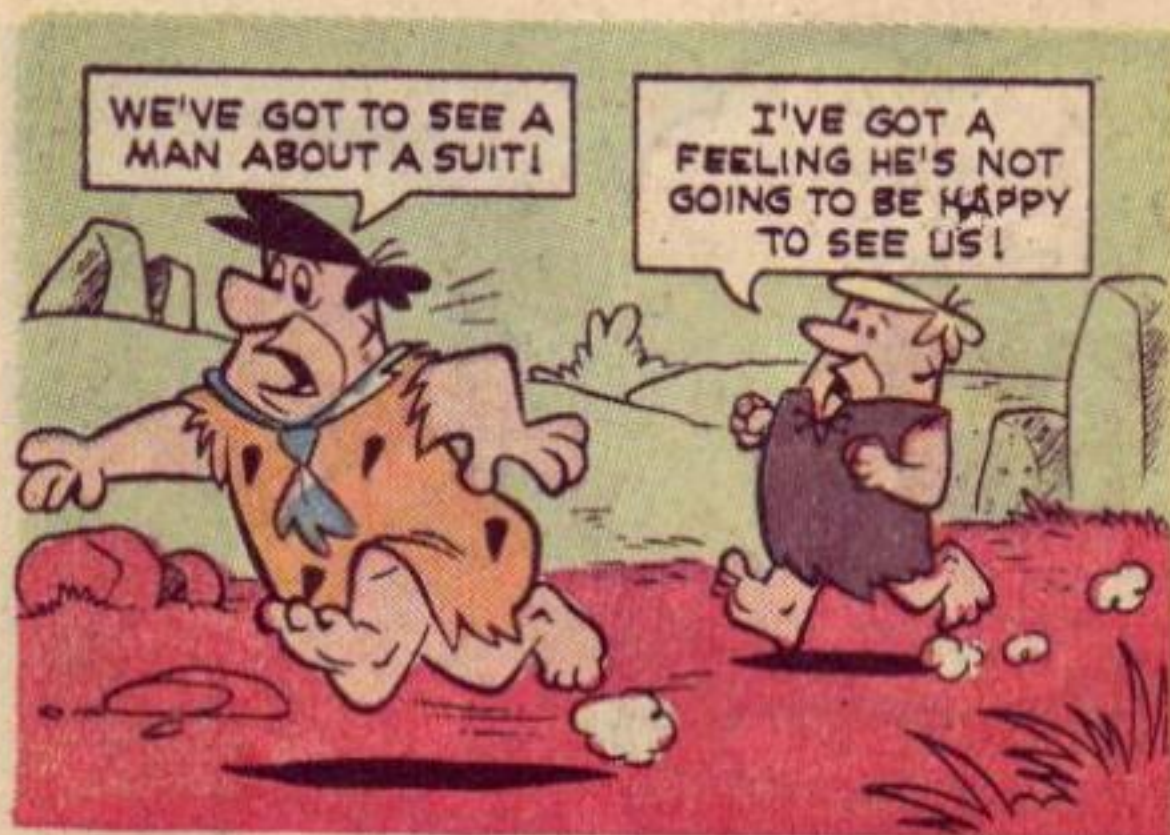
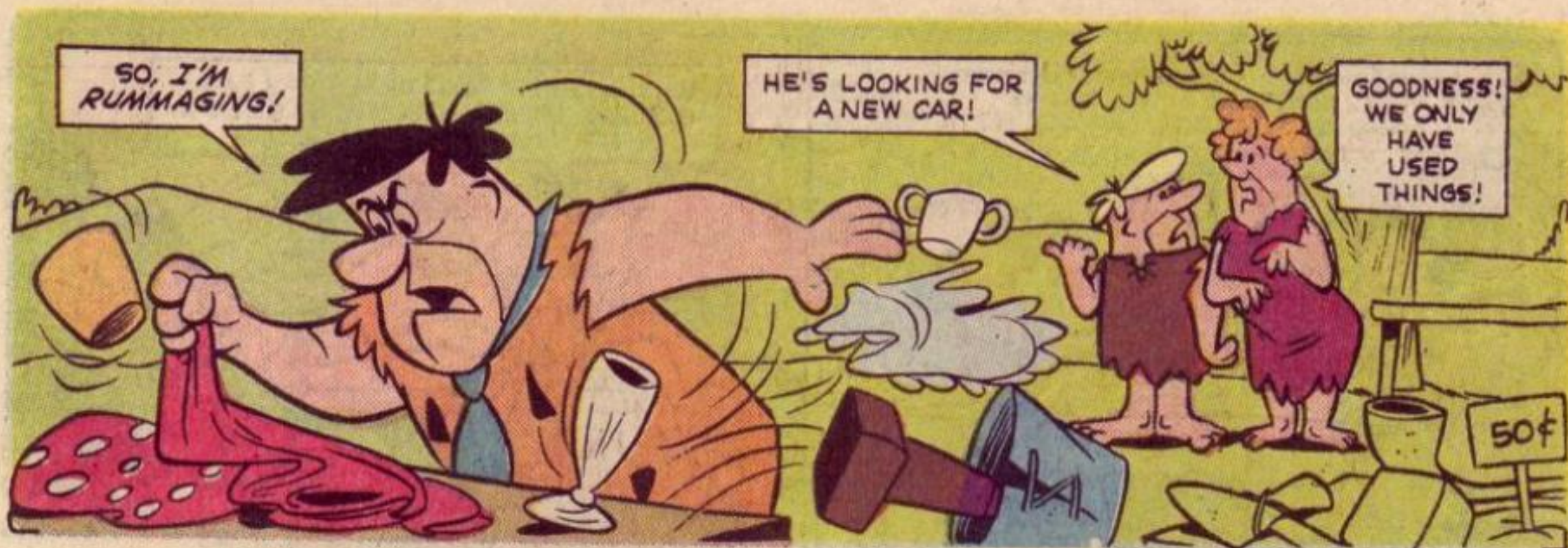
Hanna-Barbera FRED and BARNEY
THE NOT SO MERRY-GO-ROUND

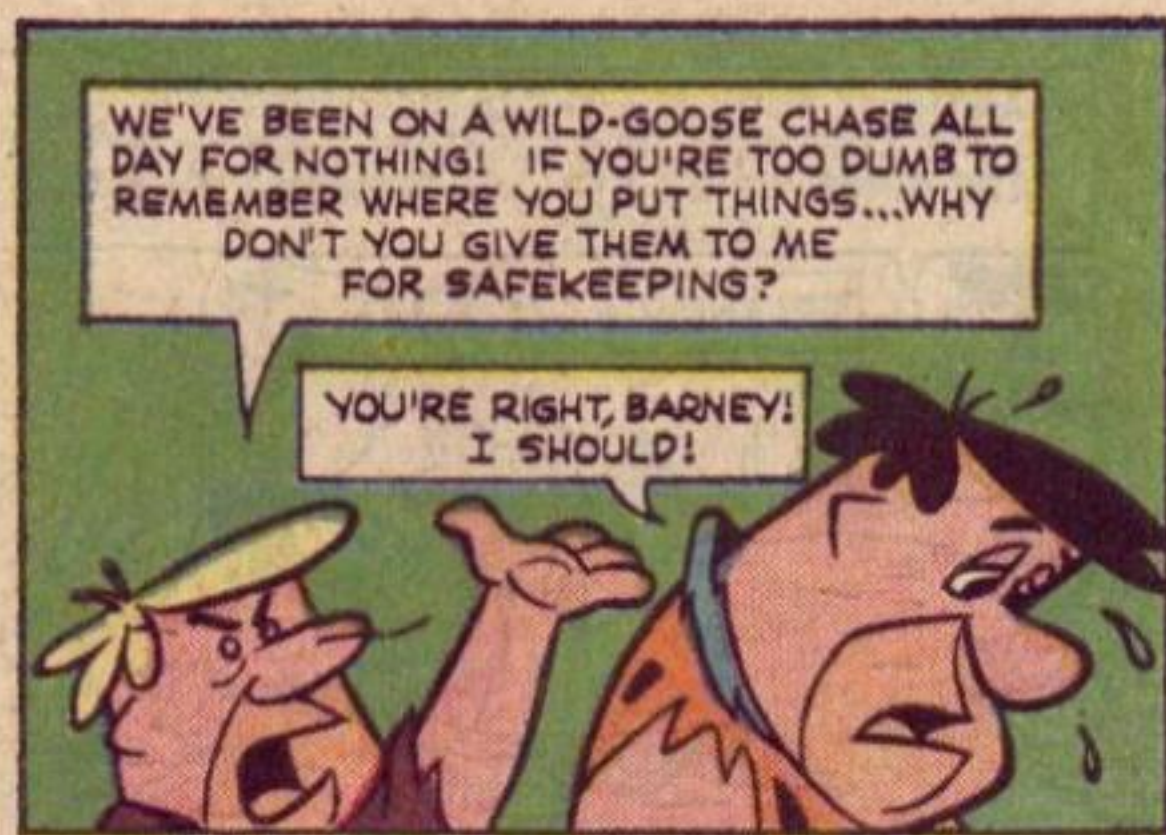
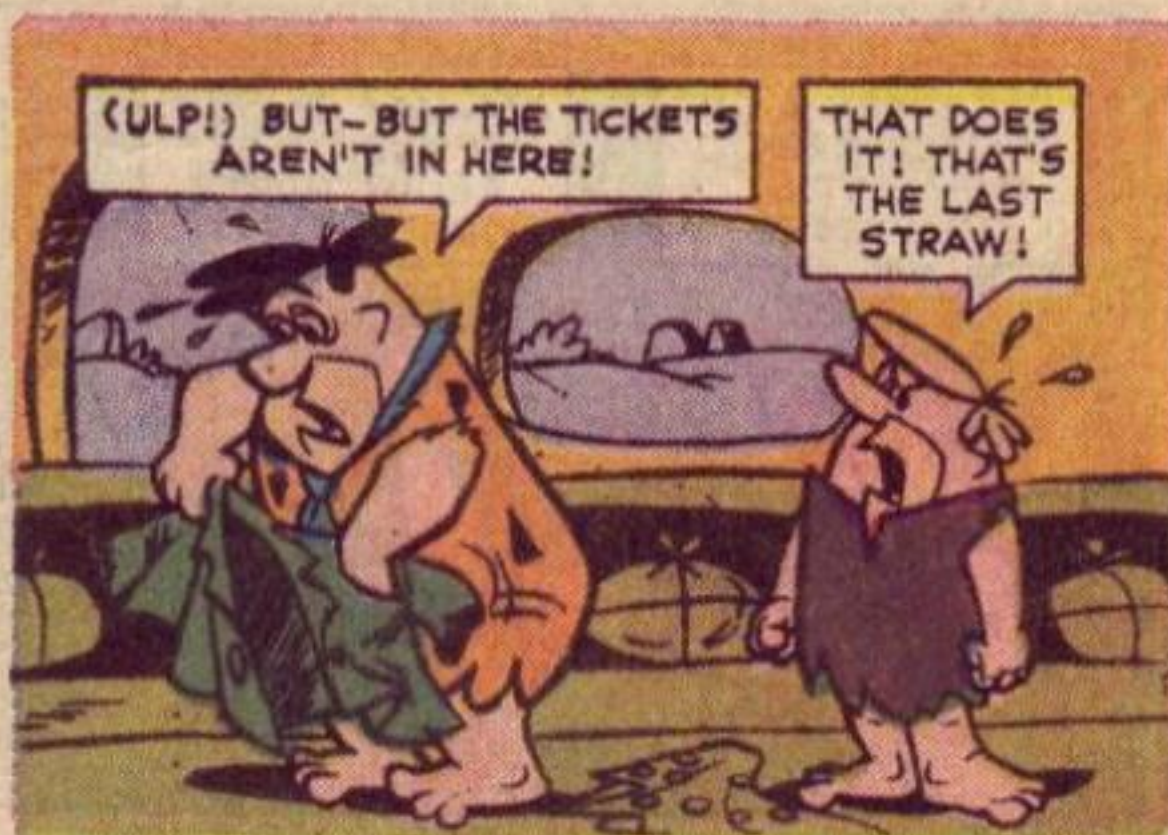


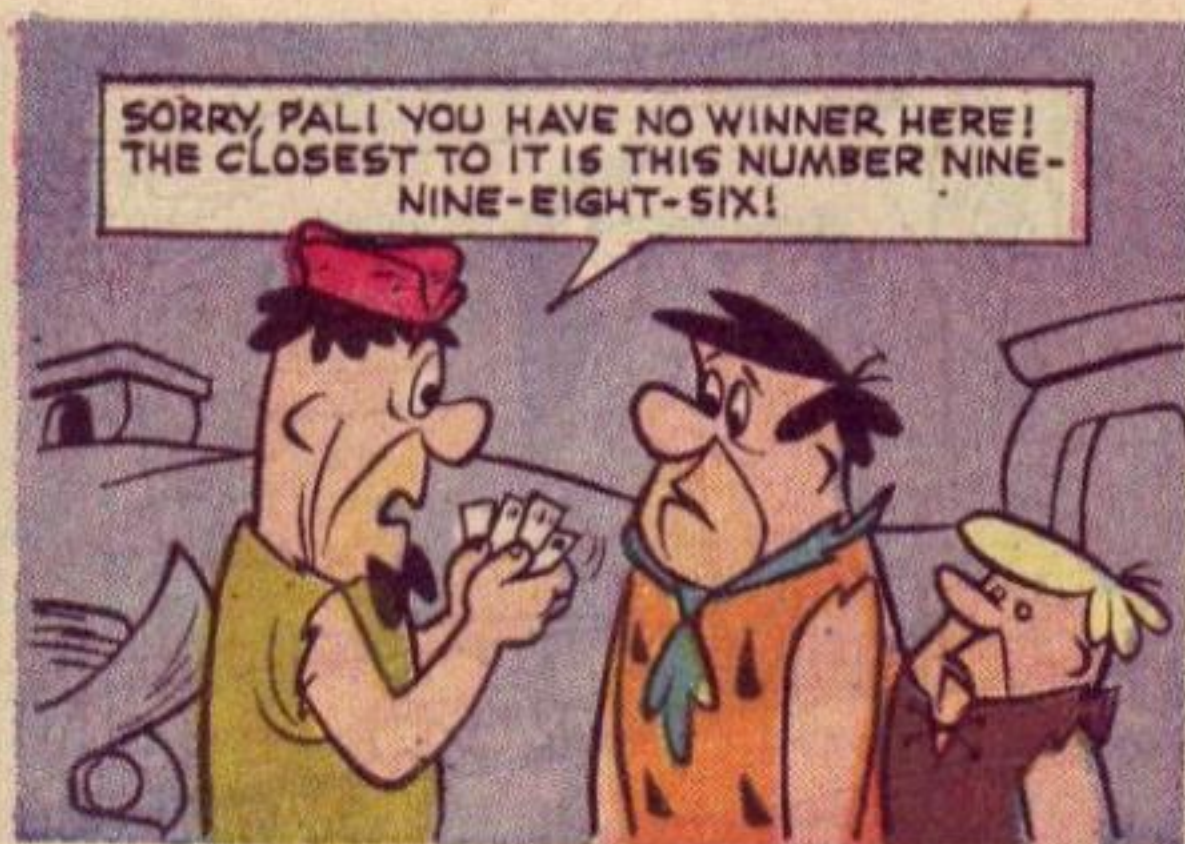
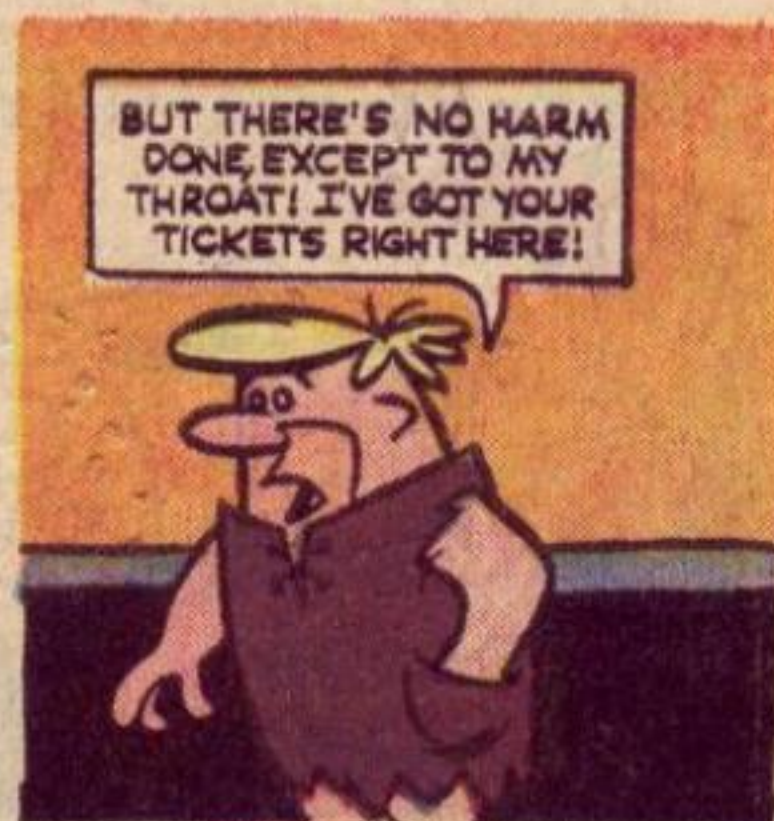












HONK!

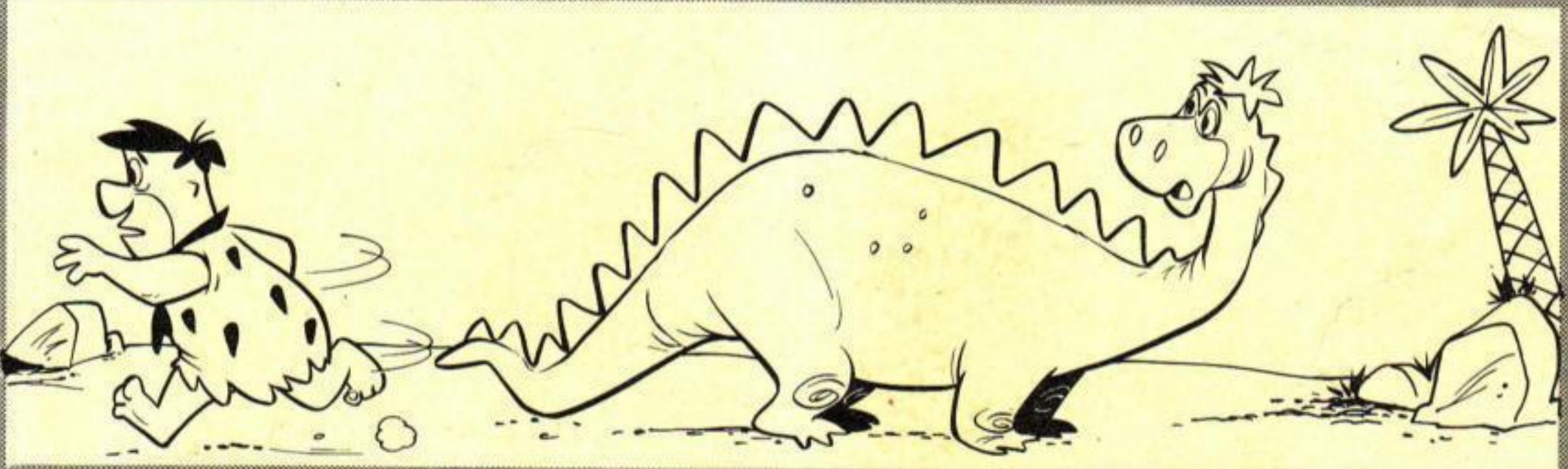
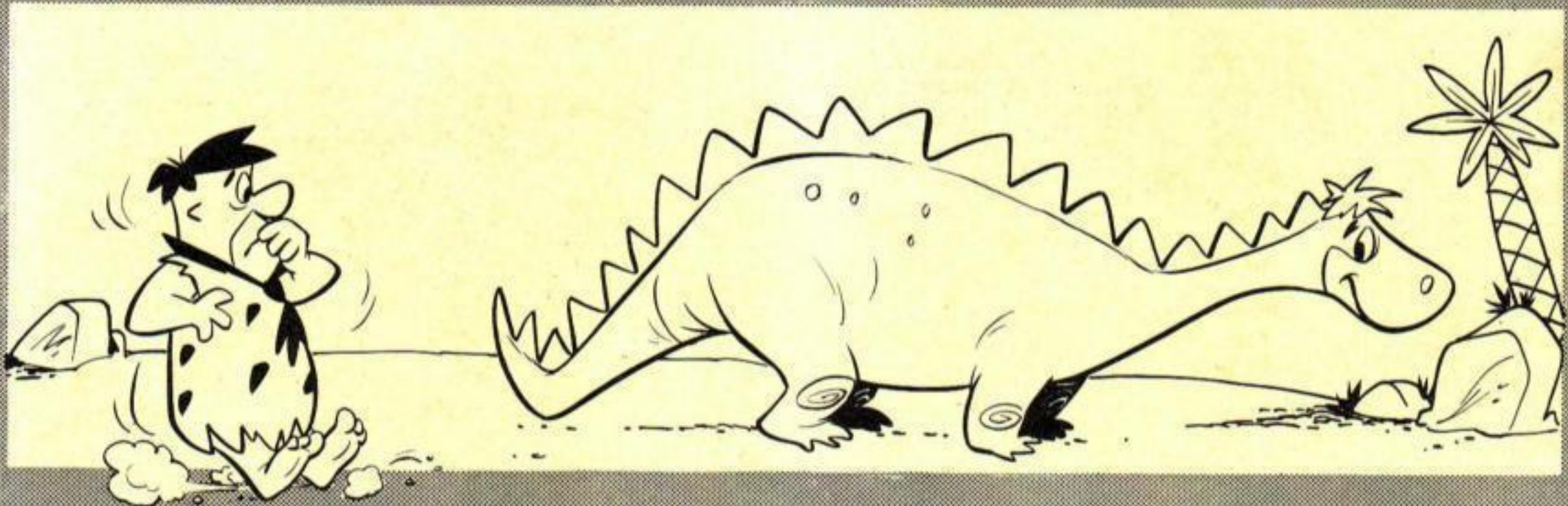
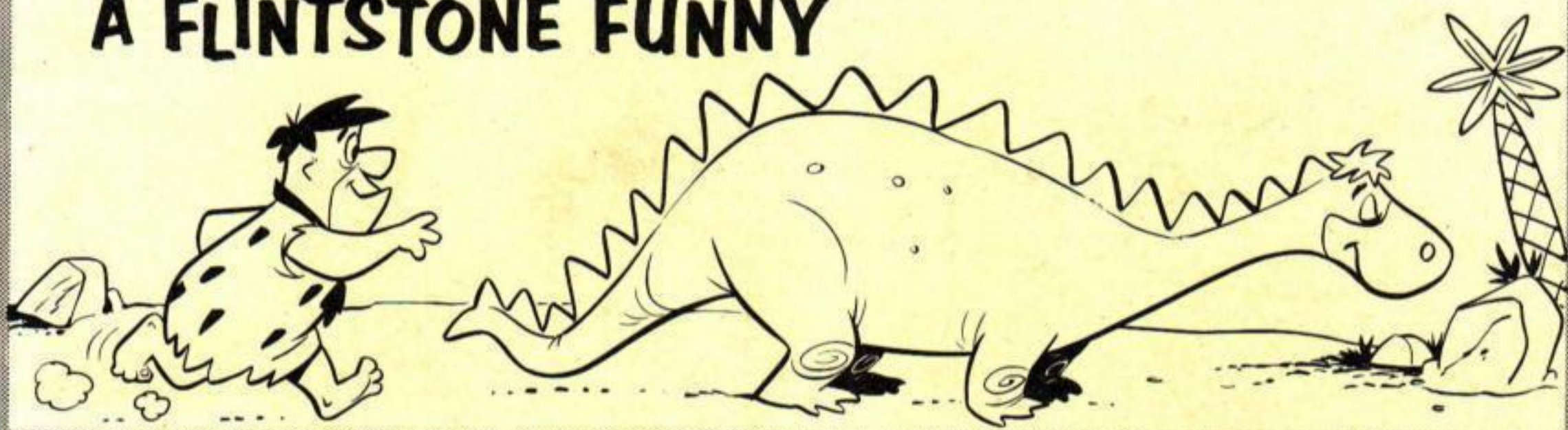
THIS WHOLE MISERABLE DAY
HAS BEEN UPSIDE DOWN!

I FEEL
AWFUL!

I DON'T! I
STILL GOT TO
BE THE FIRST
ONE TO HONK
THE HORN!



A FLINTSTONE FUNNY





THE FLINTSTONES
PIN-UP NO. 2